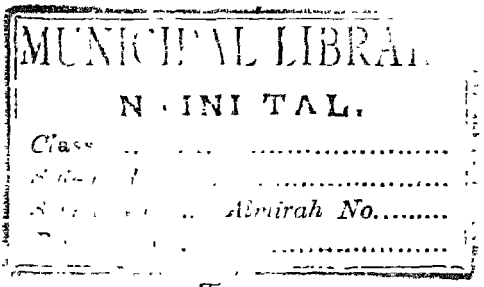
TAILS AND TALES

by

NANCY PRICE

LONDON
VICTOR GOLLANCZ LTD
1945

Copyright 1945 by Nancy Price



To

My most Valiant and Loyal Comrade

"Buddy"

in gratitude

Printed in Great Britain by
The Camelot Press Ltd., London and Southampton

CONTENTS

PAGE

FOREWORD 11

ANCESTORS 15

Hounds: Greyhound—Beagle—Brachet—Otterhound — Foxhound — Wolfhound — Deerhound — Russian Wolfhound — Bloodhound — Harrier — Whippet —Dachshund—Saluki—Afghan.
Mastiff. Bulldog. Terriers: Maltese—Fox—Airedale. *English Setter. Spaniel:* Cocker—Toye. *Retriever. Sheep Dog. Collie. Welsh Corgi. St. Bernard. Newfoundland. Turnspit. Lurcher. Sledge Dogs:* Siberian—Arctic or Greenland—Eskimo—Pomeranian. *The Pug. The Poodle. Portuguese Diving Dog. Mexican Hairless. African Sand Dog. Chinese Crested Dog. Pariah Dogs. Wild Dogs. The Peke.*

DISTANT BARKS 57

Legends of Eastern, Northern and Central India—Finnish—Mohammedans (Kitner and the Seven Sleepers)—Hindus (Yudhishthira and his dog)—Mexican — Persian — Egyptian — Greek — Roman —Norwegian ("Vigi" and King Olaf)—Eskimo.

FIDELIS 62

A variety of authentic stories of all countries.

DOGS GO TO CHURCH 68

IN ROYAL COMPANY 71

Ulysses — Alexander — Alcibiades — Lysimachus — King Arthur—Richard II—Queen Elizabeth—Mary Queen of Scots—James V of Scotland—Charles II—James II—Prince Rupert—Frederick the Great—Napoleon—Frederick Prince of Wales—Queen Victoria—Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians—Queen Alexander—Edward VII.

PAGE

IN HONOURABLE COMPANY 79

Aubrey de Mondidier's "Dragon"—Sir Henry Lees "Bevis"—Sir Isaac Newton's "Diamond"—Horace Walpole's "Pat-a-pan"—Charles Lamb's "Dash"—Charles Landor's "Pomero"—Miss Mitford's "Marmion"—Jane Welsh Carlisle's "Nero"—Charles Dicken's "Mrs. Bouncer"—Parnell's "Grouse"—Nurse Cavell's "Jack"—Neville Henderson's "Hippy."

IN EXALTED COMPANY 95

The Greek poet—Zarathrustra—Chaucer—Robert Herrick — Alexander Pope — Goldsmith — William Cowper — George Crabbe — Robert Burns — Sir Walter Scott — Hogg — Byron — Godfrey Elton — Matthew Arnold — Mrs. Browning — Sir William Watson — Barry Cornwall — R. L. Stevenson — Paladan Miller—Southey—Stephen Foster—Edith Wharton—Conan Doyle—R. E. Vernède.

HIS PUSH INTO PAINT 105

Pisanello — Verrocchio — Cosimo di Piero — Castiglione — Titian — Albrecht Dürer — Van Dyck — Velasquez — Jan Steen — Adrian van Ostade — Desportes — Decamps — Hogarth — Gainsborough — Morland — Landseer — Douglas — Aldin — George du Maurier.

ACTORS' DOGS 110

Sir Henry Irving's "Fussie"—Genevieve Ward's "Teck"—"Rin-tin-tin"—"Strongheart."

WAR DOGS 112

Assyrians — Roman — Greek — Spanish — American — French — Russian — Dutch — Swedish — Italian—Bulgarian—German—British.

PAGE

TWO GHOST DOGS 121

MONUMENTS TO DOGS 123

Assyrian—Egyptian (The tablet of King Antefaa II, 3800 B.C.)—Tutankhamen's tomb—"Dog's Grave"—Fontainebleau—"Greyfriars Bobby"—Beth Gêlert—Helvellyn—Rabe—Jock of the Bushveld.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

(between pages 72 and 73)

NANCY PRICE AND COMRADES

SOLEMN CONCLUSION.

REFLECTION.

WHAT I HAVE I HOLD.

ARMISTICE.

THE OUTLAW (A WHITE DINGO).

TREASURES FROM THE EAST.

BLACKIE.

ELDERS OF THE KIRK.

JUDGES OF THE HIGH COURT.

SENSE AND NONSENSE.

A HIGHLAND POST-OFFICE.

CHAMPION RHYME.

LAYING FIELD TELEPHONE WIRE.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.

FOREWORD

THE FOLLOWING CONVERSATION is reponsible for this book. It took place after I had finished the book about my comrade "Buddy."

Friend: "Don't you think you might write something about other dogs?"

Me: "Other dogs? Which of all the other dogs? Think of the multitude of dogs; dogs of the past, before man counted the years. I should never know where to begin, or where to end. Which country should I choose, and which breed of the many which have been evolved? Tibetan dogs, who draw their masters' merchandise over the hills; dogs of the Red Indians, bred from the jackals; hunted Australian dingo, which I believe were ancient aristocrats in the days when Britain was covered with ice; jungle and forest dogs; the amazing Arctic dogs; or the hundreds of breeds of which Europe boasts. How could I choose?"

Friend: "I don't mean a scholastic book, of course, nor a breeder's book, but a patchwork of facts and fancies. I do not suggest that you should try to write of pedigree, points, length, height, weight, colour and such things."

Me: "I have been told so often that all I might write has been said before."

Friend: "Of course it has; everything has; there is nothing new except certain machines; whatever you attempt you will be told the same thing, whether you choose to paint a picture, compose music, write a play or a book, always you will be told it has been done or said before."

Me: "Well, then?"

Friend: "You may say it differently; anyway, you are quite certain of the popularity of your central figure; there are few people not interested in the dog in some capacity, either of service or friendship."

Me: "If I give any facts at all, I shall have to verify them; that will take considerable time."

Friend: "Of course you must verify them; that will occupy

your mind—serve you with interest—and, if you succeed, it will serve us also. Change of thought is a good prescription to receive and to dispense. You have lost your good comrade Buddy, but all he stood for is still with you—this work which he has inspired will help you to carry on."

And so it was that I found a new interest, acquired another long shelf of books, visited more frequently the British Museum, talked shamelessly to dog-owners and so lost something of a hampering shyness.

Most English poets from Chaucer onwards have found dog not only an inspiration, but a comrade, and prose writers have given him recognition through the centuries, beginning with Edmund de Langley in a fourteenth-century MSS. called "Maystre of Game," now in the British Museum. The first printed book about dogs was *The Boke of Huntinge*, by Julianna Bernes, Prioress of Sopwell (1481), who had evidently a somewhat surprising knowledge of worldly pursuits and certainly did not allow her devotions to interfere with her love of sport. Then came Dr. Caius' *Englishe Dogges* (1570), which is full of interest and shrewd observation. The fact that he was physician to Henry VIII, Queen Elizabeth and James I did not interfere with his study of dogs. In this book he says:

"All Englishe dogges be eyther of—
- A gentle kind—serving the game.
- A homely kind—apt for sundry necessary uses.
- A currish kind—meet for many toyes."

These three broad divisions are again amplified and read:

"Dogges serving the fashion of hunting beasts are divided into—
- Harriers,
- Terras,
- Bloodhounds,
- Gazehounds,
- Grehounds,
- Lymner,
- Tumbler,
- Stealer.

"Dogges used for fowling—	}	Setter, Spaniell.
"Toye Dogges—	}	Spaniell Gentle or Comforter."

"The Shepherd's Dogge The Mastiue	which hath sundry names deriued from sundry circumstances as	The keeper or watchman. The Butchers dogge, The Messinger or carrier, The Mooner, The Water Drawer, The Tinckers curr, The Fencer, or defending dogges.

"Wapp. Turne-spit. Dauncer."

Turberville, Gervase Markham, Nicholas Cox, Cuvier lead on to the more modern authorities, some of whom particularise in the various breeds. "We Englishmen are marvellous greedy, gaping gluttons after novelties, and covetous cormorants of things that be seldom, rare, strange, and hard to get," writes Dr. Caius. Yet, Dr. Caius, we find the mongrel as good a companion as his more aristocratic relations; all dogs have served man faithfully through the centuries. Cuvier writes: "the dog is the most complete and useful conquest that man has gained in the animal world, perhaps necessary for the establishment of the dominion of mankind over the whole animal creation."

The present book mentions but a few of the thousands of dogs held in memory. I have tried to give a diversity of man and woman cheered and solaced in this difficult journey of life by their companionship. No matter how crowded a life may be, it is often lonely, and I think a dog comes nearest of all to making this loneliness bearable.

These comrades of ours may well inspire the poet. Their faithfulness under all circumstances, their loyalty, their cheerfulness, their love and their capacity to endure is theme for any verse or prose.

La Martine says: "Whenever man is unhappy, God sends him a dog."

There is an old proverb which says: "There is no dog so sad but he will wag his tail." I am afraid if we had tails, they would often hang dejected, apathetic and pathetic.

ANCESTORS

"*True nobility is derived from virtue not from birth.*"

BURTON.

"*The man who has conferred the greatest benefit upon the human race is the primitive savage who first tamed a litter of wolf cubs.*"

SIR ROBERT BALL, LL.D., F.R.S.

IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN an interesting surmise to me how the first dog and the first man became friends; probably some urgent need on either side brought them together, as it does humans to-day. We do know that the dog was a domestic animal about 5000 B.C., and it would seem wherever we discover the bones of primitive man, the bones of dog are at his side. We find this among the ancient Lake Dwellers of both Switzerland and Ireland.

The origin of the dog—*Canis familiaris*—has been a source of disagreement and conjecture between sportsmen, zoologists and dog-lovers for many hundred years. Discussion on the point is as endless as the ancient question of precedence of chicken and egg. Some authorities believe that the dog owes its parentage to the dhole, native of India, which, though no larger than the greyhound, has had the temerity to hunt the tiger, but the majority are convinced that from either the fox or the wolf or both has evolved our friend and ally—the dog; an ally which vies with us in sagacity and exceeds us in faithfulness.

The earliest skeleton of a dog excavated in England was a Beaker Period dog about 3,800 years old dug up at Easton Down, Winterslow. Frank Stevens, Director of the Salisbury, South Wilts, and Blackmore Museum, tells me this is a specimen of the marsh dog which was specially associated with the people of the Lake Dwellings on Lake Geneva. This dog is the whippet type with a touch of Bedlington in the head.

Our ancestor's quest for food and the necessity for guarding that which was his probably provoked a desire for help. Then,

perhaps, some primitive man, more enlightened than his fellows, jealously observing how the fox and wolf acquired their prey, may have had the idea of subjugating and using them to his advantage. It is not unlikely that from these two wild creatures in the course of the years evolved the dog; in that case, how much happiness, pleasure and security we owe to this unknown pioneer.

Hounds

Between the wanderings of the Nomadic tribes and the records of our own rich forest isle lie many centuries, during which the civilised hound, quiet, graceful, fleet of foot, arrived —valued for his speed and keen scenting of quarry. I think it is usually agreed that the hunting dog must have been the first breed; whether these were a type of hound or mastiff is controversial.

Greyhounds have been used for centuries in Africa and Asia for hunting and they are carved upon Egyptian monuments and evidently figured largely in the life of the Pharaohs. These ancient Egyptians are shown "slipping" their greyhounds in much the same way as we do to-day. In England hounds were used in early days to hunt both the wolf and wild boar, but these must have been a larger and more powerful animal than the modern greyhound.

Our Canute was quick to recognise the value of the hound, who was thought to be fit companion for none but men of birth, and in his forest laws, he prohibits any below gentle rank from keeping them, and he laid down arbitrary conditions that "Any dogs kept within ten miles of any of the king's forests must have their 'knees cut' so as to render them incapable of chasing game, save for little dogges (al which dogges are to sit in ones lap) because in them there is no daunger," but in order that a dog gain this exemption he had to pass through a dog gauge, this was in form of an oval ring 7 inches by 5 inches in diameter—the barbarous lawing and expeditating following.

In the ninth century, there was a law entailing heavy penalties "on anyone found maiming or injuring their hound."

Consideration for dogs thus came within the scope of jurisprudence and remained there; the dog had become a legal entity. Not only was the law concerned with the welfare of the hound, but the poet, too, gave him thought and record. Chaucer says: "Greyhounds he hadde as swift as fowl of flight" and throughout the passing pageant of our rich literature, this hound is celebrated.

> "*Remember'st thou my greyhounds true?*
> *O'er holt or hill there never flew,*
> *From leash or slip there never sprang*
> *More fleet of foot, more sure of fang.*"
>
> SIR WALTER SCOTT, *Marmion.*

In the tenth and eleventh centuries the price of a greyhound was the same as that of a serf.

Prior to the signing of Magna Charta, we learn that the destruction of a greyhound was looked upon as an act requiring equal punishment to the murder of a fellow man. King John frequently accepted two or three greyhounds in lieu of tax money or in return for royal favour.

The greyhound, or "long dog" as he is frequently called, runs by sight, and over a limited distance he is one of the fastest animals. I have heard the King of Swaziland would readily give a wagon and sixteen fine oxen for a fast greyhound.

The Beagle was peculiar to the ancient Britons, and this hound found such favour with the invading Roman, that he was taken back to Rome for hunting purposes.

Oppian's description of a dog "small in size, squat, lean, and shaggy with blinking eyes and lacerated claws, but mostly prized for their scent in tracking where the foot has passed" is almost certainly of the beagle. Again in his verse we read:

> "*There is a kind of dog of mighty fame*
> *For hunting; worthy of a fairer frame;*
> *By painted Britons brave in war, they're bred,*
> *Are beagles called, and to the chase are led;*
> *Their bodies small, and of so mean a shape,*
> *You'd think them curs that under tables gape.*"

In *The Chase*, Somerville describes him:

> "*His glossy skin, or yellow pied or blue,*
> *In lights or shades by Nature's pencil drawn,*
> *Reflects the various tints; his ears and legs,*
> *Flecked here and there his gay enamelled pride,*
> *Rival the speckled pard; his rush grown tail*
> *O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch;*
> *On shoulders clean upright and firm he stands;*
> *His round cat foot, straight hams, and wide-spread thighs,*
> *And his low drooping chest, confess his speed,*
> *His strength, his wind, or on the steepy hill*
> *Or far extended plain.*"

Sir Thomas Mallory refers continually to "brachet" hounds. In his *Morte D'Arthur* he gives an account of how this little hound recognises Sir Tristram though even Isoult fails to do so.

"And anon as this little brachet felt a savour of Sir Tristram, she leaped upon him and licked his cheeks and his ears; and then she whined and quested; and she smelt at his feet and his hands. . . . Then the Queen departed, but the brachet would not from him. And therewithal came King Mark, and the brachet sat upon him [Tristram] and bayed at them all."

Queen Elizabeth was said to own a pack so small that one of them could be "carried in a man's glove."

I read in an article published in 1803 that "The late Colonel Hardy had once a collection of this diminutive tribe amounting to ten or twelve couple, which were always carried to and from the field of glory in a large pair of panniers slung across a horse."

The *Otterhound* and *Foxhound* were certainly used in the chase at the time of Cheops of the Fourth Dynasty; an officer held employment of "xerp me"; this was probably Master of hounds. Hunting with these hounds was indulged in by William the Conqueror and his son, Rufus, and onward by our English kings.

Not until the reign of George I were the middle classes

allowed to join in this sport. In the British Isles to-day there are more than 250 packs. It has always interested me that in the North these hounds, though working together in the hunting season, for the rest of the year spread far and wide, securing hospitality in various guest-houses. They join the pack for hunting of their own free will—no conscripting, everyone of them an eager volunteer!

The Wolfhound. Some say this breed is indigenous to Ireland, this may or may not be so, but there are many old Irish MSS. which mention the wolfhound at a very remote period.

E. Jesse wrote: "The dog flourished at the time of early kings of Ireland and with the harp and shamrock is regarded as one of the national emblems of the country. The Irish Wolfdogs were formerly placed as the supporters on the arms of the ancient monarchs of Ireland. They were collared 'or' with the motto, 'Gentle when stroked, fierce when provoked.' "

He is the largest and tallest of hounds, originally used, as his name suggests, for hunting wolves, and is in the proud position of being the only dog thought capable of killing them.

He was known and prized by the Romans and fought in the arena. Richardson thinks this was the dog who had contests with lions and elephants. Strabo wrote that it was practically certain the wolfhound was used by the Celts and Picts.

Goldsmith, being an Irishman, may have been prejudiced in favour of this hound when he wrote: "The last variety, and the most wonderful of all that I shall mention, is the great Irish wolfdog, that may be considered as the first of the canine species. He is extremely beautiful and majestic in appearance, being the greatest of the dog kind to be seen in the world."

The *Deerhound* hunts by sight and scent, principally by sight. Most people say the Scotch deerhound and the Irish wolfdog are the same, that the Irish wolfdog was taken into Scotland and changed his name to deerhound with his country.

The *Borzoi*—Russian wolfhound. One of the oldest European hunting breeds. Borzoi means swift and hot-tempered. In 1892, £400 was offered in London for two fine specimens of these dogs.

The Bloodhound. Grotius, first century B.C., and Strabo, first

century A.D., both speak of bloodhounds. It is probable they were not used on our island until William the Conqueror and were known by us as the Talbot or old Norman hound. This dog has always been famed for tracking, not only game, but man, and was greatly valued by the cotton-planters of the Southern States of North America for the recapture of escaping slaves. Wallace and Bruce both suffered from his keen capacity for scenting.

Somerville gives a graphic description of this dog in *The Chase:*

> "*Soon the sagacious brute, his curling tail*
> *Flourished in air, low bending, plies around*
> *His busy nose, the steaming vapour snuffs*
> *Inquisitive, nor leaves one turf untried,*
> *Till conscious of the recent stains, his heart*
> *Beats quick; his snuffling nose, his active tail,*
> *Attest his joy; then with deep opening mouth,*
> *That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims*
> *Th' audacious felon; foot by foot he makes*
> *His winding way, while all the listening crowd*
> *Applaud his reasonings: O'er the watery ford,*
> *Dry sandy heaths, and stony barren hills;*
> *O'er beaten paths, by men and beasts disdained,*
> *Unerring he pursues; 'till at the cot*
> *Arrived, and seizing by his guilty throat*
> *The caitif vile, redeems the captive prey.*
> *So exquisitely delicate is his nose.*"

In 1577, we read of these dogs on the Scottish border when they were called "slough hounds" or "sleuth hounds."

Trained bloodhounds were kept not so very long ago for the tracking of sheep-stealers, poachers and thieves generally, and there are many cases in which the bloodhound has tracked a murderer where man has failed to do so. It is on record that a certain bloodhound led detectives to their quarry after a chase of 138 miles, and in another instance, found a child in a swamp, after it had been lost eighty-two hours, when every other

method had failed to trace him. The Sussex police still use bloodhounds, and I well remember the excitement when a desperate man was cornered by this means on the Downs not far from my cottage.

These hounds, though of fearsome appearance, are usually remarkably gentle. One belonging to a friend of mine had a fondness for little dogs and would collect them even from the reluctant arms of their owners, and would carry them gently to his master's garden, where he would gaze upon them with admiration, as they voiced furious protest, which appeared music in his ears. When anxious owners tracked their lost ones, the bloodhound regretfully "bayed" farewell to his unwilling guests. Not one of these little dogs was ever hurt by their captor.

The Harrier, like the bloodhound, is another descendant of the Talbot hound, being brought to England by William the Conqueror.

The Dalmatian must certainly be a very ancient breed. I have seen an old engraving which shows these spotted dogs running by the side of a chariot which contained archers.

The Whippet—(Wappet, old English word for small, yelping cur).

I saw much of the whippet racing in the Midlands, and the speed of this little hound is amazing. He is often called the poor man's race-horse. The miners are particularly fond of this dog. He used to be fed with beef-steak and other choice morsels, even though the family had to go on short rations. Perhaps this is not so surprising when it is realised that the whippet brings a considerable income to his owner.

The Dachshund. A dog resembling the dachshund may be seen on a monument to Thothmes III, who reigned over Egypt 2000 B.C., and at whose Court, the inscription states, he was a favourite. And a dog of similar type is found on early Assyrian sculpture. As with most dogs, his origin is difficult to determine. Many people turn from these dogs to-day, with the ridiculous remark, "I wouldn't have a German dog," but dachshunds were not known in Germany until after the French Revolution;

they were introduced by French *emigrés*. The Germans used them as badger-hunting dogs. E. V. Lucas aptly refers to them as the dogs with the Queen Anne legs.

No finer tribute has been paid to the dachshund than by Sir Neville Henderson in *Hippy*, who shows what a sportsman this dog can be, of infinite courage and an understanding comrade.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert both favoured the dachshund as companion (though they had many dogs, including the lovable Dandie Dinmonts, which became known as a breed when Scott wrote *Guy Mannering*. As we talk of the Landseer Newfoundland, so we should say the Walter Scott Dandie Dinmont).

The *Saluki* and *Afghan* hounds are by some supposed to be the oldest dogs in existence. The *Saluki* is the greyhound of Arabia. He has long hair between his toes, which prevents his feet from sinking in soft desert sand. He is a true child of the desert and has often been called the Royal Dog of Egypt, and is said to be as old as civilisation. He was certainly a distinct type in 327 B.C., and his mummified body has been found in tombs and in ancient burial places of the Upper Nile. The Bedouins favour this hound as a valuable companion, for he is not only a keen and tireless hunter, but a faithful guardian of his master's goods and life. The sheik is rarely seen without his saluki, whom he regards as carefully as his treasured horse. He eats from the same dish as his master. Arab women suckle favoured pups with their own children. Although the Arab so cherishes his chosen dog companion, ordinary dogs are still regarded as unclean.

The Afghan Hound. This hound has a bizarre appearance to a Western eye. His powerful hind-quarters give him a jumping capacity which is remarkable and necessary for the country over which he hunts. The formation of his feet is unusual, but again peculiarly adapted to the mountainous region of Afghanistan, and his thick, woolly coat is a protection in the high altitude. He was known as "monkey face" in ancient Egypt, and it is generally supposed that he was the hunting dog of the Israelites and Egyptians.

The Mastiff

Master of thief. Called in early days "ban dogs"—one tied with a band or chain. Some say he was originally introduced into Britain by the Phœnicians and called the Molossian dog. He was known in ancient Greece and Rome and thought to be the Tibetan mastiff brought to Greece by Alexander the Great.

The mastiff as well as the greyhound is seen continually in Assyrian sculpture and the Romans and Greeks appreciated this dog. Homer writes:

> *"Nor last forget thy faithful dogs, but feed*
> *With fattening whey the mastiff's generous breed*
> *And Spartan race, who for the fold's relief*
> *Will prosecute with cries the nightly thief:*
> *Repulse the prowling wolf, and hold at bay*
> *The mountain robbers rushing to their prey."*

Strabo says that the Gauls trained the British mastiff for war and used him in their battles.

Some contend that he is the indigenous dog of Britain, and he has been well called the watchdog of England; he certainly was one of the earliest fighting dogs.

When the Romans invaded these islands, they found the natives possessed, not only hunting dogs, but powerful dogs, which they used in war. From all descriptions, these were probably more of the mastiff type than any other. Claudian and Gratius state many of them were taken back to Rome for use in the amphitheatre, a special officer, called Procurator Cynegii, being appointed by the Emperor to superintend the selection and transport of them.

A Latin poet wrote: "The British mastiffs break the brawny necks of bulls."

John Stowe, in *The General Chronicle of England*, gives many accounts of bull-baiting by mastiffs. He says "they are of as great courage as the lion."

Halls and arenas were used for bull- and bear-baiting in the reign of Henry II, and even up to the nineteenth century these

went on. Bull-baiting it seems was the first baiting indulged in by the English.

"The British hound that brings the bull's big forehead to the ground" (Claudian, A.D. 400).

On Bankside in Southwark the Paris Gardens were built for shows of bull- and bear-baiting. We are told that 1*d.* was charged for admission. These arenas and halls were all over the country and in open places. The Master of the King's Bears, Bulls and Mastiffs was a Court Office in Henry VIII's reign. In Queen Elizabeth's day plays were prohibited on Thursday, as that was bear-baiting day. The Queen supported this sport.

In the reign of James I, the Globe Theatre was used for bear-baiting once a fortnight.

This king also had a den built in the wall of the Tower of London for the lions that were kept for the much-relished sport with his mastiffs. Lions were baited by dogs, but not to the extent of the bull and the bear.

There is a record in Stowe's *Annals* of a fight between three mastiffs and a lion, in the presence of James I. In this particular fight the dogs were loosed in turn: the first two were grievously wounded and died soon after; the third seized the lion by the lips and would not yield his hold, although he was dreadfully torn. At last the lion succeeded in escaping and leapt over the dog, seeking refuge in his den. Stowe relates that the dog recovered from his wounds and that the King's son was so impressed by the dog's valour that he adopted him.

The Puritans tried to prohibit bull-baiting, but this was overruled; the Court held "it was a sweet and comfortable recreation fitted for the solace and comfort of a peaceable people."

This bull- and bear-baiting evidently did not find full favour with Samuel Pepys, for he gives an account of going to the Bear Garden after dinner with his wife, but, though he writes of "the good sport," he adds: "it is a very rude and nasty pleasure."

Buffon supposed "the mastiff to be a mongrel generated between the Irish Wolfhound and the Bulldog, and more resembling the latter than the former." There is no doubt the mastiff, even as we know him, existed at a very early date, for in the Forest Laws of Henry II he is mentioned, being the sub-

ject of special regulations. Farmers and freeholders were allowed to keep them for the defence of their homes, if they were expeditated according to the Laws of the Forest. This expeditation was intended to maim the dog, so that it had but small chance of chasing the deer, and the law enforced its being done after the following manner: "Three claws of the fore-foot shall be cut off by the skin, by setting one of his fore-feet upon a piece of wood 8 inches thick, and 1 square foot, and with a mallet setting a chisel of 2 inches broad upon the three claws of his forefoot, and at one blow cutting them clean off."

The family of Legh of Lyne Hall in Cheshire has always possessed the finest mastiffs in England.

In the great drawing-room, amid the blazon of heraldry, is a portrait of Sir Percy Legh, Knight Baronet, who fought at Agincourt, with his mastiff, who accompanied him. It is said the dog defended him from those camp marauders whose desire it was to murder and rob him when he lay helpless and bleeding on the field after the battle. She attracted the attention of some English soldiers, who carried both Sir Percy and his faithful mastiff off the field.

Shakespeare says, "That island [England] breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage."

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, mastiffs and bulldogs are both mentioned. It seems probable that the mastiff and the bulldog, having much in common, sprang from a similar origin.

To-day the mastiff is rarely seen, but the few that survive have lost none of the character of this breed.

A blacksmith by the name of Smith of Stirches, near Hawick, had a mastiff which always lay on the smithy hearth in cold weather. One evening, a farmer, who had come in for some plough irons which had been repaired, gave the dog a kick and took his place on the warm stones. The mastiff looked at the man and then lay down at the door, but when the man went away, the dog followed him and, at a distance of 60 yards from the smithy, flew upon him, seized him by the collar and brought him to the ground. He did him no injury, but gave him a good shaking, and it is more than likely that the man refrained from kicking the dog in future.

The Bulldog

The ancestor of both the mastiff and the bulldog is supposed to have been the dog called the alaunt, called also mastiff or bandog. From the description given of the alaunt, he seems much more to resemble the bulldog, and "the broad-mouthed dogs of Britain" could only refer to a breed having the mouth possessed by the bulldog and no other.

The saying "The British bulldog courage" is proverbial. "They call us for our fierceness English dogges." Caius says: "There is no dog that can serve the sundry uses of men so aptly or so conveniently as this sorte."

> "*His temper, therefore, must be wel observed;*
> *Chide him for his faults, and do it reverently,*
> *When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth.*
> *But, being moody, give him line and scope,*
> *Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,*
> *Confound themselves with working.*"

The Romans certainly appreciated the bulldog and imported him from Britain with the mastiff and used him in their arenas. They were imported by Philip II of Spain, 1556, and are still preserved in the island of Majorca and used for pinning wild cattle.

There are many grisly accounts of this dog fighting the bull. He would have had but little chance, in spite of his courageous tenacity, if it were not for his amazing instinct in choosing for attack the most sensitive part of his adversary, the nose, to which he held on unyielding, though, to prove his power of tenacity, his limbs were savagely cut away.

Dog-fighting seems to have taken the place of bull- and bear-baiting in England. These fighting dogs became as important and well-known as a favourite racehorse. It is surprising to find that a peal of church bells at Wednesbury in Staffordshire were rung when a certain fighting dog, a bulldog bitch, had been safely delivered of her first litter of pups.

To-day, the bulldog's capacity for courage and endurance of pain continues, though he is no longer compelled to fight in any

arena. He is one of the most reliable companions, a staunch friend, and can be taught practically anything his master wishes. He looks fierce and can still be fierce when roused, but he can also be one of the gentlest of creatures.

The poet Smart wrote:

"Well! of all dogs, it stands confessed,
Your English bulldogs are the best!
I say it and will set my hand to it;
Cambden records it, and I'll stand to it."

Terriers

Melitæan (*Maltese*). The *Maltese* is probably the most ancient of the terrier breed. This is based on the discovery at Dulci of a painting on a vase representing one of these little dogs and labelled "Meaitaie."

It was believed, "If a little Melitæan (Maltese) Dog, or young succing puppies, be layed to the brest of a child or man that hath inflictions, passions or pains in his entrals, the paine will depart from the man into the beast."

Dr. Caius writes: "There is, besides those which wee haue already deliuered, another sort of gentle dogges in this our Englishe soyle but exempted from the other of the residue, the Dogges of this kinde called Melitoeos, of the Iseland Melita, in the sea of Sicily, (what at this day is named Malta, an Iseland in deede famous and renoumed, with couragious and puisaunt souldiours valliantly fighting vnder the banner of Christ their vnconquerable captaine) where this kind of dogges had their principall beginning."

This little dog's effigy is seen on old Roman monuments; he was one of the so-called "Ladyes Toyes" favoured both in Greece and Rome. "They were the invariable companions of their mistresses and bore them company in their wagons." Strabo writes: "Though they are no bigger than ferrets or weasels, yet they are not small in their understanding nor unstable in their love."

Fox Terrier. In the thirteenth century we have many references to the terrier who was used for hunting; probably this was the fox terrier very much as we know him to-day.

To quote Dr. Caius again: "Another sort there is which hunteth the foxe and the badger or greye onely, whom we call terrars, because they (after the manner and custom of ferrets in searching for cõnyes) creep into the grounde, and by that means make afrayde, nyppe, and byte the foxe and the badger . . . or else hayle and pull them perforce out of their lurking angles, dark dongeons and close caves, or at the least through conceaved feare, drive them out of their hollow harbours."

Yorkshire Terriers. Though small, they are good ratters and excellent house dogs. They have been well named by one who did not love the breed, "Spitfires."

The Airedale terrier is comparatively modern, he came from the Valley of Aire and was bred by working men there, chiefly for his particular purpose of hunting. He is essentially militant, and I am sure he has advanced opinions and has no patience with the "Boys of the Old Brigade." He is certainly of a bellicose disposition, but he is as faithful as his fellows to his master and a good example of the "Citizen Army."

There are many gallant warriors who come under this category, the Bedlington, which was originally produced by the miners of Bedlington, Northumberland, the Kerry blue, Sealyham, Cairn, Manchester, Skye, bull, Lakeland, Welsh, Irish, Dandie Dinmont, West Highland. Dogs resembling this latter breed were royal favourites of James I, who liked for his sport "the earthe dogs out of Argylshire."

A dog may literally be worth his weight in gold. A record price was surely paid for a rough-haired terrier sold to the States for 6,250 dollars.

The Scotch terrier was known at the time of the ballad-singers. A comparative scarcity of vermin in the Highlands is doubtless partly due to his work. He has sagacity and courage and a love of the place he knows as home. We possessed a Scotch terrier whom it was impossible to lose! He was given away time after time because of his wicked fighting habits, but always returned, once with the leg of a table attached to his collar! This time he won back his home—the prodigal son was forgiven. Contrast his pugnaciousness with the domesticity of a terrier bitch, at Dunrobin Castle in Sutherland, having lost her own young,

she took a brood of duckings and nursed them with great care, anything rather than be denied the joys of mothering.

The Territorial battalions are proud to call themselves "Terriers." It has been well said of these sporting little dogs:

> "*The warrior of the fight are they,*
> *And every fight they win.*"

Terriers are very good hunters and gallant fighters when necessary, and always faithful friends. At one time "terrier" covered every vermin-destroying dog. He enjoys working, however hard, and no matter how rough the weather. He is strong, has plenty of pluck and hardiness, and certainly reasoning power. How else can be explained the action of the two terriers belonging to Mr. Frederick Nutt, the bookseller of Clement's Inn, London, who played about the entrance to King's College Hospital when it was in the Strand. One day they saw a collie run over in the road, and assisted it to the hospital door, and barked until they were all let in. Mr. Nutt gave his opinion in these words: "The dogs were accustomed to see injured patients carried into the hospital. They themselves never went in, but they somehow grasped the meaning of those visits by injured people on stretchers, and, by some unfathomable process of thought, when they saw a stranger of their own kind also in distress, they led him to the help which they realised others received within that particular door." A picture did hang in the Board Room of the Hospital recording this incident.

The English setter, pointer, spaniel and *retriever* have been sporting dogs and man's allies in hunting for hundreds of years before the shot-gun. The spaniel is the oldest of these and probably the ancestor of the others.

The Spaniel

Edmund de Langley wrote in the fourteenth century, this dog came originally out of "Spayne." It is known that he was used for hunting in France and England more than 550 years ago. Some say the Clumber and Sussex spaniels are the oldest branch of this breed as far as we know them. In Henry VIII's

reign we find a record of payment to "Robin, the King's Spaniel Keeper for hair cloth to rub the Spaniels with."

The spaniel is probably the parent of the setter, retriever and poodle. He is usually a silent dog, only giving tongue under very strong excitement, but perhaps it is as true of dogs as humans that a still tongue makes a wise head.

Spaniels are capable of great devotion to each other. When a spaniel bitch was shot by a game-keeper in woods near Amersham, one of her offspring lay down by her side and there remained till forcibly removed; refusing comfort it died in a few days.

The Count de Monte Veccios had an Alpine spaniel who was his continual and faithful companion even through the wars. Although the Count had been exceedingly courageous and useful to the State, the Republic of Venice had not rewarded his service. There came a day when circumstances compelled him to ask a favour of General Morosini, and he happened to call when the General was expecting the Doge, of whom he wished to ask a favour. When the Count arrived, the General showed his visitor the splendid preparations which he had made to honour the occasion. The Count admired the elegance and pomp of the display, which consisted of "many thousands of finely cut vessels of Venetian glass, filled with rich sweetmeats and cold provisions and disposed on fine tables, all covered with one vast cloth with a deep gold fringe which swept the ground."

The Count was courteously received until he came to the business of his suit, which was not only refused, but accompanied by many harsh words. It is said that, as he went away saddened, he patted his dog upon the head and said to him: "You see, my friend, how I am used when I ask a favour." We are told, the dog looked up wistfully in his face and accompanied him for some distance until he found the opportunity of slipping off unobserved, when he ran back to the house where his master had been treated so ungraciously. He found his way to the banqueting room and, taking hold of the gold tassel at one of the corners of the cloth, he ran back and drew it after him, till the whole preparation was strewed on the ground in a vast heap of broken glass. He thus revenged his master, and

it is pretty certain that the General's request of the Doge, whom he was trying to propitiate, met with the same refusal that he had given the Count.

Cocker Spaniel. One of the most ancient sporting dogs of Great Britain. It seems these were imported from Spain. No covert is too dense or too prickly to penetrate, no water too cold and icy for him to face. No day is too long for him to bear with impunity.

A spaniel can dive and bring up an egg unbroken from a depth of 12 feet or more. These dogs can jump from a height of nearly 30 feet into water and I once saw an old spaniel jump from a liner in a rough sea to retrieve his master's hat.

Of black *cocker spaniels*, E. V. Lucas writes:

> "*They're always merry, always hale;*
> *Their eyes are like October ale. . . .*
> *They never criticise their friends;*
> *Their every joy all joy transcends.*"

The Toye Spaniel. The old name for this little dog was "The Comforter," an apt name for any dog. As with the Melitæan, a belief was entertained that if the little spaniel was "borne in the bosom of afflicted persons, the patient was comforted, and often cured, the disease passing out of the human frame into that of the dog." One would hardly think that any true dog-lover would hope that this belief had any truth, but there are records that many suffering from various disorders were thus cured or thought they were—in any case, we are told, "The dog it was that died!"

In 1575 George Turberville speaks much of spaniels: "dogge called the Spaniel Gentle or the Comforter."

These toye spaniels were the favourites of two kings, Charles II and James II.

Sometimes these little dogs were written of as "The small Englishe ladyes poppies who bore away the fleas."

Pointers and *setters* rely on body scent. A pointer has been known to hold a point for an hour and a quarter.

In the early nineteenth century, a certain sporting parson, by

name the Rev. Theophilus Verity, caps all pointer stories with his experience. He asserts that when riding home over the moor, he saw a pointer standing at birds. He thought how remarkable it was that the birds should be held rigidly by the dog, much the same way as a snake holds its prey. It was a very lonely part of the moor and he didn't pass that way for twelve months, when he saw exactly the same dog and birds in the same position—skeletons! This parson was evidently not only an admirer of the pointer's skill but a believer that "there are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

Retrievers

What a retriever can do in the way of handling game is well known, and a well-trained dog is remarkable for its capacity of scenting and apparent ability for using its own initiative. A recorded instance of this which has nothing to do with sport is of one of these dogs saving a child's life in a perambulator. The nurse was wheeling the perambulator down a slope when she suddenly fainted and the perambulator hurtled down the hill, which led to the river. The retriever who was with them seized the leathern apron and held it firmly until further help came. How the dog realised the danger and the remedy cannot altogether be explained by instinct.

The golden retriever came to this country in an unusual way. A Russian circus trainer of dogs was struck by the beauty and intelligence of the biscuit-coloured dogs used for guarding sheep in the Caucasus. He bought and trained some of these, and when they appeared in this country they caught the eye of a well-known peer, who made terms with the trainer for the whole troupe and so developed the golden retriever.

The Sheep Dog

When man had subjugated those wild creatures from which dog was evolved and experienced the value of such service, the thought must have occurred to him that it would be to his advantage to have other creatures in subjection under him and use them to his benefit, so, with the help of his first servant,

probably, came about the gathering of flocks and herds and the sheep dog.

The Jews, although generally supposed to have little esteem for dogs, must have known their worth. They drove their protesting flocks from waterhole to waterhole with the help of the dog. Job's scorn for his enemies or appreciation of his dogs induced him to write: "But now they who are younger than I have me in derision, whose fathers I would have disdained to set with the *dogs of my flock.*"

We are told in *Farg.* XIII, 11: "Whosoever shall smite a Shepherd's dog, his soul, while passing to the other world shall flee amid louder howling and fiercer pursuing than the sheep does when the wolf rushes upon it in the lofty forest. No soul will come and meet his departing soul and help it through the howls and pursuit in the other world: nor will the dogs which keep the Kinvet Bridge help his departing soul."

"Penalties were assigned for wounding or mutilating dogs, and 800 stripes are allotted for smiting a shepherd's dog so that it 'gives up the ghost and the soul parts from his body.' . . ."

I have had very close companionship with dogs ever since I was able to walk, but of all the many dogs I have known perhaps to me the sheep dog is most familiar, especially those in the North. I find it difficult to express dispassionately all I feel about these wonderful dogs.

For hundreds of years the dalesman has trained his dog to be co-shepherd with himself; indeed, he could not well manage his flock without his dog's co-operation, as where the sheep graze is often inaccessible to man. The dog understands every variation of his master's whistle, and the order it conveys carries a good mile over the fellside. I have always watched with unbounded amazement and admiration the sheep dog rounding up the flock; they are never satisfied until all are gathered in.

For those who would see the wonder of these dogs at work there is nothing to equal the sheep dog trials, where points are awarded for their style, promptitude and obedience to orders, for command over the sheep and show of initiative and intelligence. I myself prefer the Troutbeck Trials to any other I have seen. Here the course is laid on the Applethwaite Fell, high up

on the eastern side of the valley, and the dogs work on the type of ground to which they are accustomed all the year round. The fellside is steep, the grass is coarse; there is bracken, heather, and rough, rocky ground. This is certainly the place to see the dogs working the sheep to the best advantage; their patience and intelligence have a fairer showing.

Some assert that Rydal is more popular; this may be, but, to me, not so interesting. The course is laid over parkland, and the crowd is more concentrated, less native, and it is in such close proximity it must to some extent distract both dog and sheep. The judges evidently appreciate this fact, for in their programme there is a request "that there shall be no applause during a trial"; but apparently the public cannot be prevented from giving an outlet to their enthusiasm, for incessant applause is accompanied by long drawn "Oh's" and "Ah's." Troutbeck is the local "Derby." The district is swept for the event. The occasion means good company and good sport. Only those unfortunates who have to carry on with the actual necessities of life are left behind, and they take their turn the following year. The track which leads to the great event is a hullabaloo of noise and kaleidoscopic transport. For the rest of the year this track is deserted, the only sounds to be heard, the bleating of sheep, the cry of a bird, or the distant barking of a sheep-dog; but on Troutbeck Derby Day it is a seething mass of traffic and in pre-war days motors of all sizes and ages, motor-buses, motor cycles, push-bikes, even wagonettes, traps and coaches. The whole countryside has one objective—Sheep Dog Trials.

Multitudinous barking! I have never seen so many dogs gathered together in a small area—Sealyhams, Aberdeens, Schipperkes, Pomeranians, dachshunds, Alsatians, Irish terriers, fox terriers, Airedales, and my own proud Peke. This conglomeration of dogs was surprising, in view of Rule No. 3, which stated that "no dogs except those competing will be allowed on the ground."

I found a grand spirit of *camaraderie* prevailing; everybody was willing to lend field-glasses, to give information, and to share enthusiasm.

At Troutbeck the time allowed from the start to the penning

is eight minutes; at Rydal eleven minutes. At Troutbeck two sheep and a ram are released; at Rydal four sheep and a ram. The scale of points I found interesting:

Gathering (Outrun 5, Lifting 5, Bringing 10) . . 20
(In outrun dog may be directed on either side. Straight fetch through gate met midway. A second attempt at the gate will not be allowed.)
Driving 10
(From pole where shepherd will stand in triangular direction through two gates. Failure to negotiate the gates will involve a loss of points at the Judges' discretion, *according to circumstances*, and a second attempt at either gate will NOT be allowed.)
Penning 5
(Square pen, 6 feet with gate. On completion of No. 2, competitors must proceed to pen, leaving dog to bring sheep to pen. Competitors are forbidden to assist dog to drive sheep to pen. Competitors to stand at gate holding rope (3 feet) while dog works sheep into pen. A competitor who leaves the gate end before being ordered to do so by the Judges will lose points at the Judges' discretion.)
Single 5
(From the five marked *single* will be shed off and worn to the Judges' satisfaction. Immediately on the "single" being shed off, dog must be brought in to wear it. Competitors are forbidden to assist the dog by driving off the single any distance.)
Style 5
Command (Handler 5, Dog 10) 15
—
60
—

For the "single," the dog has to separate from the others the sheep that has a white tape around her neck and keep her apart in the marked circle, which seems nothing short of a miracle to those who are ignorant of the sheep dog's sensitive intelligence.

At Troutbeck, the farmer or shepherd stands on a hill 150 yards below the sheep; he is not allowed to use his hands or give directions; he can only whistle to the dog, who understands perfectly the pitch of the whistle and the order conveyed by it. Nothing could show so certainly as these trials a dog's sagacity, patience and endurance; the way of a man with a maid is no wiser than the way of these dogs with their sheep! The sheep are often obscured from the shepherd by "knots" on the fellside, or by the long bracken, and the dog has to work on his own initiative. His greatest difficulty is in penning the three sheep in so short a time; and here his work is amazing. Immediately the sheep get near the pen, the dog lies down on the grass, very much in the manner of a fine stalker. He is watching his opportunity to press them into the pen; instinctively he knows the wise thing is not to disturb or hustle the sheep. At this point the shepherd is allowed to come down and help his dog by standing one side of the pen, but he must not take on too much of the work, otherwise the dog loses marks. It seems easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than to drive three obstinate sheep into a little pen. At the very point of going in they will decide to rush one side or the other; one may go in while the other two stand obstinately just outside the pen; then they suddenly decide to trot down the fellside. While the dog is getting these two back the one already in the pen trots out. Then the dog swears, the sheep chuckle, and the crowd "Ba-a-a."

The way of the man with his dog was as enlightening as the way of the dog with his sheep. Some took their dogs aside and talked to them before they started, whispering instructions or encouragement. These were the men whose dogs were something more than hired servants. Other men whistled their orders and some bellowed incessantly. It seemed this inarticulate shouting was not successful, for often the dog was confused and the sheep frightened. The dogs' methods with the sheep are equally varied: some round the sheep up, giving them a wide berth; others keep close to the sheep all the time. There is no doubt the dog that harries least succeeds best.

After witnessing these sheep dog trials, age must take heart of

grace. I saw a ten-year-old sheep dog, Jed, whose work could not well be improved. A man who was standing next to me said, "If only that old dog had the pace of youth, nothing could touch him." There's the snag for dog and man. Age and youth both are handicapped by the lack of that which the other possesses. It is idle for us to question this seeming obstructive distribution. The great Minister of Information imposes a strict cenorship.

There are many wonderful records of the exploits of sheep dogs. A certain Mr. Hogg sent to the Press an incident illustrating the sagacity of his dog, Sirrah. It seems on one occasion about 700 lambs under Hogg's care at weaning time broke up at midnight and scampered off in three divisions across the neighbouring hills, in spite of all he and an assistant could do to get them together. The night was dark; he could not even see Sirrah. Mr. Hogg and his companion spent the whole night scouring the hills, but there was no trace of either the lambs or the dog. "On our way back," said Mr. Hogg, "utterly disheartened, we discovered to our amazement that at the bottom of a deep ravine were the lambs, not one missing; Sirrah, standing in front, looking round for relief, but still true to his guard. It is beyond human comprehension how he gathered all these lambs together in the dark."

He also tells of a shepherd near Langholm named Scott who possessed a bitch famed over all the west Border. She could be sent home with two sheep or any given number and in lambing season was sent back with the kebbed sheep, she would take these carefully home and put them into a fold, keep watch over them until seen by one of the family, when she would return to the master.

He mentioned also a Mr. Steel who had a farm six miles from Peebles over wild hills. Coming home late one evening he was astonished at hearing that his faithful dog had not appeared. He and his son went in search of her, when to their astonishment she appeared with the drove, not one missing, and carrying a young pup in her mouth. The bitch had continued to manage the sheep, though she had given birth to pups on the wild hills; in spite of her fatigue, she had not only succeeded in

bringing the sheep home and one pup, but then nothing could stop her returning to the hills again, and she went to and fro till the whole litter of five were safe home.

A shepherd of the Grampian Mountains once left his child at the foot of a hill for a few minutes, when suddenly mist obliterated everything. The shepherd looked in vain, but could not find his child. After searching for hours, he found himself back at his cottage. Next day other shepherds joined in the search. He was surprised that his dog, from whom he had expected valuable help in the search, had disappeared on receiving a piece of oat-cake, which was his usual meal. Some days passed and the search continued and each day the dog, after receiving his oat-cake, disappeared. This extraordinary behaviour on the part of his faithful dog moved the shepherd to follow him. The dog led the way to a cataract some distance from the spot where the shepherd had left his child. The banks of the waterfall almost joined at the top, yet separated by an abyss of an immense depth. Down one of these rugged and almost perpendicular descents the dog began without hesitation to make his way and at last disappeared in a cave, the mouth of which was almost at a level with the torrent; the shepherd with difficulty followed, and there in the cave he saw his child. It seems the child had wandered to the brink of the precipice and either fallen or scrambled down till it reached the cave, which he had been too frightened to quit. The dog had traced him and prevented him from starving. He appears never to have left the child, by day or night, except when it was necessary to go for this food.

In Russia and Tibet to-day the sheep dog has to tackle wolves. These dogs are naturally valued by their owners, and if one of them is killed the punishment meted out is harsh, sometimes even death.

The Collie

Youatt says this breed is more nearly related to the wild dog than any other and that he is very like in appearance to the Indian hare dog. The word "collie" comes from the Anglo-Saxon word *col*, meaning "black." The sheep of Scotland were

originally black and called "colleys." The collie was certainly well-known in Scotland 300 years ago, and a French traveller reported in 1745 that these dogs were used by the State to chase the half-starved, worn-out old horses that carried the Mail. The dogs gave the exhausted beasts the necessary impetus.

The collie is very sensitive and highly strung, and this makes him nervous and sometimes of uncertain temper, but he is affectionate and intelligent and can be capable of travelling home from a great distance, without direction and alone. There is an authenticated story of a man who went by sea from Aberdeen to Leith, lost his collie at the latter place, and found it on his return to Aberdeen. It must have crossed the Firths of Forth and Tay.

I well remember another such instance illustrating this homing faculty. It accompanied an accident to myself when I was an adventurous five. A long and hard fall from the top of an apple tree is not easily forgotten or the follow-on of weary weeks of inaction and repentance. I had slipped and hung suspended by my flannel petticoat. Our collie's bark probably saved my life; it disturbed the amorous conversation-piece of nurse and gardener, but not before the long-suffering button-hole had parted company with the button and I lay senseless on the ground, still grasping the coveted green apple. Then came convalescence at the seaside, where I was accompanied by a chastened and sulky nurse and the collie, who was allowed as the "sugar plum" of the expedition. Alas! no one had reckoned with the nurse's liking for the gaud and blare of a military band, which was anathema to the collie, who had never heard a sound more alarming than the tinkling of the shepherd's bell.

Naturally, the first thing we did on arrival was to rush down from our rooms to the sea. This meant passing the bandstand, which was in full blare. The sudden sounding of the drum terrified the dog into instant flight. In a second, all trace of him had gone. Having searched the town, we reported his loss to the police. He was a valuable white collie—and they held out little hope of his recovery. When two days had passed and there seemed little prospect of ever seeing him again, a

telegram arrived from my home in Worcestershire to say "Laddie" had returned, travelling by way of country certainly unknown to him.

To illustrate their intelligence is perhaps superfluous, but the work of a certain smooth-haired collie owned by a notorious sheep-stealer in the West of England does seem worthy of mention. He understood and followed his master's orders implicitly. Their way to the southern market was by way of the old Roman road that runs along the crest of the hills on the north bank of the River Nith. The dog worked along the south side of the river: there he would select a few of the best sheep from several flocks, ford the river, add them to his master's ill-gotten drove. This dog could give our Black Market racketeers valuable hints.

The *Welsh corgi* in ancient Welsh lore was known as a cattle dog. It is said that one of these little dogs can do the work of six men "in rounding-up" either cattle or Welsh mountain ponies.

The St. Bernard

St. Bernard of Clairvaux wrote: "*Qui me mot, amet et canem meum*": "Who loves me will love my dog also." Countless dogs have given their lives for men; but perhaps the first breed that comes to one's mind is the St. Bernard; he stands alone as the dog whose mission it is to save life. The only dog with the prefix "Saint," but not the only dog who merits it. The breed of St. Bernard was established by St. Bernard de Meuthon, who in A.D. 962 founded the monastery. In the hospice chapel there is a picture of this monk with his dog. Since A.D. 962 the monks have never been without their St. Bernards. These heroic dogs have always shown great self-denial, bravery and nobility, and are continually saving the lives of travellers, hundreds of whom owe their safety to the guidance over the St. Bernard Pass. They work from the monastery on the Alps between Switzerland and Italy and frequently lose their lives amid awful avalanches. When this happens, they are at once replaced by the gentry or noblemen in the neighbourhood, and this has been done since the tenth century.

The manner in which these dogs work has always been a matter of interest to me and, I think, may be to others.

In winter the service of the male dogs (the females are employed or engaged only at the last extremity) is regulated as follows: Two dogs, one old and one young, travel over every morning the route on the Italian side of the mountain towards Aosta. Two more make the voyage on the Swiss side towards Martigny, to a distance of about nine miles from the hospice. They all go just to the last cabins of refuge that have been constructed for the benefit of travellers. Even when the snow has fallen during the night the dogs find their way surely and correctly, and do not deviate from the beaten way a yard. The marks of their feet leave a track which is easy for travellers to follow as far as the hospice. Two dogs are made to go over the same road together, so if one perishes it is replaced by another —a young one, who is instructed and trained by the survey dog, of which he is the pupil. When the dogs arrive at the cabins of refuge, they enter them to see if there are any travellers seeking shelter there, in which case they entice them to follow. If they find any travellers who have succumbed to the cold, the dogs try to revive them by imparting warmth in licking their hands and face, which seldom fails to produce the desired effect. If these means are inefficient, they return with all speed to the hospice, where they know how to make themselves understood. The monks immediately set out, well provided with means of recovery. These dogs are also employed to carry provisions; they carry 1 cwt. at a time. Probably the St. Bernard best known to us in more modern times is "Barry," who was responsible for saving seventy-five lives, and he has been continually referred to as an example of all that is wisest and most courageous in these wonderful dogs.

The *Newfoundland* was only introduced into this country in the late nineteenth century. He has been known to drag a load of 20 to 30 stone. He is a magnificent water dog, has sagacity and an intense desire to serve. It has been well suggested that it would be useful to have one attached to life-boat stations and places where bathing is still indulged in, particularly when the bathing is none too safe. He can do service in a sea so rough

that no other dog could successfully weather it. And this he enjoys. He truly loves to serve and save.

A Newfoundland named "Dandie," owned by a patent-mangle manufacturer in Edinburgh, was not only a life-saver, but a coin-saver. He was in the habit of receiving pennies from neighbours for well-performed tricks. He would take the pennies to the baker and exchange them for bread; when he had too many for his use he put them all together in a little pile in a piece of rag and pushed them under his master's mattress for lean days. One of the neighbours purposely presented him one day with a damaged penny, which, being taken to the baker, was not accepted, so the dog carried it back to the man who had given it, depositing it at his feet and barked till a good one was given in exchange.

The Times, December 18th, 1919, gave the following extract: "From Newfoundland this morning comes the story of the wreck of a coasting steamer on a terrible coast. Ninety-two passengers and crew were saved by the intelligence of a Newfoundland dog belonging to one of the crew. The ship had gone ashore on a reef of jagged rocks, and it was impossible to get a boat out to her in the boiling sea. Finally, a light line was tied round the dog, which obeyed his master's signs and swam ashore, making it possible to rig a block and tackle, by means of which all the souls in the ship were brought to safety. A baby of eighteen months was taken ashore in a mail-bag." Not only are his instincts for life-saving reserved for humans, but he has been known to save from drowning other dogs, breeds less adapted to swimming.

The Turnspit

It is some time now since these dogs were actually used for turning spits and water-wheels, though as a child I did see one working in the North at a water-wheel. At one time of course they were employed continually. Topsell writes:

"Of the Dog called Turne spete. There is comprehended, under the curres of the coursest kinde, a certain dog in kitchen-service excellent. For when any meat is to be roasted, they go

into a wheel, which they turning round with the waight of their bodies, so dilligently looke to their businesse, that no drudge nor scullion can do the feate more cunningly."

And Caius refers to them as follows:

"And these be of the greater and the waighter sort drawing water out of wells and deepe pittes, by a wheele which they turne rounde about by the mouing of their burthenous bodies."

Several centuries later, the Duke de Laincourt wrote to M. Decartes: "I have in my kitchen, two Turnspit, office extinct, which take turns regularly every other day in the wheel. One of them not liking his employment hid himself on the day he should have worked. When his companion was forced to mind the wheel in his stead he intimated that those in attendance should first follow him. He immediately conducted them to a garret where he dislodged the idle dog and killed him immediately."

The Lurcher

As I am myself a vagabond by profession and choice, so I have a weak spot for his dog. The lurcher is a very Ishmael—against all dogs and all men—save his master. At his best I have been told that he is a cross between a sheep dog and a greyhound. I should say that, at his best, he is a thoroughbred mongrel. Few gipsy caravans rumble along the road without him in attendance. He is described as one who lurks or lies in wait to ensnare or steal—the poacher's dog. He is lucky in two respects, in that he never has to endure the indignity of the dog show and he is spared the hard road and pavement of the city.

He has some of the chacteristics of his master and even a similarity in his outward appearance, though his master cannot boast many of his finer qualities. He has learnt to be silent, stealthy, cunning, obedient to every order, and the evil that he does is for love of him he serves. He suffers blows and curses without question or resentment, and he endures a life of hardship, yet is ever alert and ready for service. His furtive, often even cringing manner suggests he is rather ashamed of his calling; he certainly has no desire to attract notice and avoids

all save his master, and that he looks upon this scoundrel as a god is all to his credit. Who will condemn him—loyal lurcher.

"*Shaggy and lean and shrewd, with pointed ears*
And tail cropp'd short, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him, close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow and now with many a frisk
Wide scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
With ivory teeth or ploughs it with his snout,
Then shakes his powdered coat, and barks for joy."

COWPER.

Sledge Dogs

The people who inhabit the frozen regions of the north owe their very existence to the speed capacity and endurance of the sledge dog. Some of these tribes even believe that man is descended from the dog, because they regard him of paramount importance.

He is courageous and invincibly persevering, but he instinctively senses the approach of storm and will stop and scrape with his paws; also, when the ice underfoot is unsafe, I have not only read but been told by explorers that the dog realises this danger and will lie down trembling, refusing to go on, unless goaded. Only the inexperienced will then urge him forward.

The dogs seldom lose the track, though it may not be discernible to their master; if they should wander off it for a short distance they quickly regain the scent. If their master has to stop in the middle of a savage waste, owing to terrible weather, they will gather round him and defend him from wolves and keep him warm.

The leader is of inestimable value to his master, and the rest of the team follow him implicitly. This team varies in number from six to twelve. They are attached to the sledge by means of a single trace without any reins and are harnessed with the aid of a whip or stick, and this has little bells attached, thimbles or pieces of tin, so as to constantly jingle. The whips are of caribou hide, with 2 to 8 oz. of small shot woven into them to give them

weight. When the sledge is actually travelling, the driver depends for the obedience of the dogs principally upon his voice. He has also a crooked stick which serves the purpose of whip and reins. By striking in the snow, he can regulate the speed of the dogs or stop them at will. They will travel sixty miles a day, carrying their master and five or six seals; one traveller reports that sledge dogs carried him 100 miles in just under eighteen hours, without a stop; of course, this pace could not be kept up for a lengthy period.

These dogs can carry a third their own weight for an almost indefinite period. They thrive on the same food as their native owners—fish and flesh of Arctic animals—and at mealtimes the men feed their dogs before eating anything themselves. This may not be consideration, but rather a desire for peace.

I hear they do not bark as other dogs, but voice a low growl and, at night, howl.

The *Siberian* sledge dog is held to be the most long-winded runner of all these breeds. It is recorded by an explorer that a journey of 270 miles has been performed by a team of these dogs in four days.

He is turned adrift in summer to shift for himself, but in winter he returns of his own free will to his master and the pack, scanty, often putrid, food, and subjection to yoke.

The *Arctic or Greenland* dog in winter excavates his own bed in the snow; only his nose appears above it. Sometimes he has to swim for his quarry, the Arctic fox, seal and polar bear. In summer, like the Siberian dog, he is sent adrift and then often lives on berries and mussels. Some few are kept back for necessary work, these carry a weight of from 30 to 40 lb. and are given for food the remains of whale and sea calf. The summer being past, the other dogs return to their master and join their fellows.

There is great competition exhibited by the Greenlander for his dog; he regards him much as we do the horse. There is rivalry among them for the best breeds and best equipment. The harness is often gay and furnished with bells: the jingling of these is supposed to encourage the animals to work better.

The *Esquimaux*—North American wolf dog—is often mistaken by travellers for a wolf, the principal difference being

that wolves do not carry the tail over the back. There is little doubt these dogs are a descendant of the wolf, and it is said they still breed freely together. The Esquimaux takes great pride in breeding a pure white dog, and when he secures one, he has a feast in honour, "The Feast of the White Dog."

I have been told by those who have had dealings with the Esquimaux dogs that they are interesting companions, affectionate and not quarrelsome.

The *Pomeranian* or, as he is called, "wolf dog," "fox dog," "Spitz dog," is peculiar to the Northern latitudes. It would seem he cannot compete with the higher qualities of some of his brothers, his courage being below average: he would sooner run than stand his ground. He is also harnessed to the sledge in winter and freed in summer, or, rather, turned out to do and go as he pleases. His chief food is fish, which he catches himself, though he only eats the heads.

The most common breed of sledge dog is the *Husky*, and he is usually fierce and treacherous.

The remarkable strength and endurance of the sledge dogs have been put on record by many of our great explorers. Sir John Franklin and Captain Parry wrote of these dogs with much appreciation, as well they might, for without them expeditions could not be undertaken. Admiral Byrd calls them the infantry of polar expeditions. They took Amundsen to the South Pole and Peary to the North.

Scott, while on the *Discovery* Expedition, wrote: "Shackleton in front, was bent forward with his whole weight on the trace; in spite of his breathless work, now and again he would raise and half turn his head in an effort to cheer on the team. . . . Behind these, again, came myself with the ship. . . . On the opposite side of the leading sledge was Wilson, pulling away in grim silence." He obviously felt very keenly that none of the dogs returned. "It went to my heart to give the order, but it had to be done. . . . They were taken a short distance from the camp and killed, and it was the saddest scene of all. I think we could all have wept. And so this is the last of our dog team, the finale of a tale of tragedy. I scarcely like to write of it. Through our most troublous times we had always looked forward to

getting some of our animals home. At first it was to have been nine, then seven, then five, and at last we thought surely we should be able to bring back these two, but 'twas not to be."

George Seaver, quotes the following passage in his book, *Edward Wilson and the Antarctic*: "The heart-breaking necessity of driving the dogs to the last ounce of their strength gave to the three their acutest misery—Scott especially was painfully sensitive to the sufferings of animals—and their distress was doubled when they realised that the premature failure of the dogs was due to their food (Norwegian stock-fish) having been tainted by its passage through the tropics."

Captain Scott again wrote of these dogs in his diary: "A dog must be either eating, asleep, or *interested.* His eagerness to snatch at interest, to chain his attention to something, is almost pathetic. The monotony of marching kills him. . . . The dog is almost human in its demand for living interest."

Edward Wilson, who was with Scott on that epoch-making last expedition, wrote: "One gets very watchful and wide awake when one has to manage a team of eleven dogs and a sledge load, but it was a most interesting experience; and I had a delightful leader, Stareek by name—the Russian for 'old man'—and he was a most wise old man. One has to use Russian terms with all our dogs. *Ki*, *ki* means 'Go to the right'; *Chui* means 'Go to the left'; *Eshte* means 'Lie down,' and the remainder are mostly swear words which mean everything else that one has to say to a dog team. Dog-driving like this, in the orthodox manner, is a very different thing to the beastly dog-driving we perpetrated in the *Discovery* days. I got to love all my team and they all got to know me well, and my old leader even now (I am writing this six months after I have had anything to do with any of them) never fails to come and speak to me whenever he sees me, and he knows me and my voice ever so far off. He is really quite a ridiculous 'old man', and quite the nicest, quietest, cleverest old dog gentleman I have ever come across. He looks in face as though he knew all the wickedness of all the world and all its cares, and as though he was bored to death by all of them . . . he's a dear old thing."

My little Peke only once saw the sledge dogs and then only

on the screen, when to my embarrassment and surprise, he suddenly looked fixedly at them and gave voice to audible criticism. Before these particular "shots" he had lain quiet and conveniently unobserved; after this disturbance it is needless to say I avoided taking him to any film showing dogs. One thing this episode taught me conclusively dogs see and recognise even in a picture, which I have often heard questioned.

The Pug

There seems a conflict of opinion as to his origin. Some say he came from Russia, thence to Holland and England; others that he was imported from China and Japan.

The name is derived from the Latin *pugnus*, signifying a fist, it is supposed, from the resemblance the shadow of a clenched fist has to the head of this dog. Occasionally his tail is unravelled, during sleep or when frightened.

He had a period of popularity, but is now rarely seen. The dog probably lost prestige because of certain fatuous owners who over-fed, over-petted and denied him exercise—he thus often became asthmatical and fat—yet at his best he is alert, a good house dog and affectionate. It seems to me the little Belgian griffon and the French bulldog are near relations of the personable pug.

The *Poodle* is one of the most intelligent dogs when he is unspoilt. Sir Edwin Landseer painted him as the type of wisdom in his picture, "Laying Down the Law." He is a good shooting dog, easy to train either to retrieve or point, and a good water dog. In Northern Europe he is often to be seen harnessed to a cart carrying his master's goods.

He is a capital watchdog, really too eager and almost uncannily intelligent. There was the well-known Paris poodle, "Munita," who, although he lived in 1818, is still remembered. He used to dirty the boots of the passers-by in one street, in order that his master, a shoeblack round the corner, should clean them.

On parts of the French coast, these dogs are used for fishing, particularly for the small eel, also for truffle-hunting, a little poodle is known as a truffle dog; they can scent at a distance of 20 yards.

The *Portuguese diving dog* will dive from the fishing boat to retrieve any fish which escape from the nets.

There are many dogs strange to us, dogs without hair, known as *Mexican hairless* and the *African sand dog*, and the *Chinese crested dog*, which is naked save for a tuft of hair on the top of his head.

Caius wrote: "Vse and custome hath intertained other dogges of an outlandishe kinde, dogges curled and rough al ouer, which by reason of the length of their heare make showe neither of face nor of body. And yet these curres, forsoothe because they are so straunge are greatly set by, esteemed and taken up."

The *pariah dogs* of the East have their code which is much the same as the "pack law." Jesse says: "Dogs of the town associate in bands, each having its district and chief. No dog of another band is allowed to enter the territory."

We are told that when the Sultan who reigned in 1839 wished to clear Constantinople of pariah dogs, they were shipped to an island some distance from the coast, but the dogs all "swam back to the mainland and returned each to his own quarter of the city, since when they have been allowed to live unmolested."

Turks consider dogs unclean, but they realise their service. Water is placed in the streets for them during the hot months. An "expectant" bitch is frequently given a box in some secluded spot in which to whelp.

There are many *wild dogs*, the bush dog of Brazil, the South American maned wolf dog, which ranges over Brazil, and the wild dogs of Asia and the Malay Archipelago. The howl belongs to the wild dog and the bark only to the civilised dog.

The Australian black uses dogs for many purposes: wheeling cattle, rounding sheep, guarding their camps from enemy tribes, hunting. In all camps of these roving blacks quantities of dogs will be found. They even make use of them for warmth at night. The dogs huddle round the naked native and serve him effectively with necessary heat. These aborigines think that they are blest in the Hereafter according to the number of dogs that they own. Their women even suckle any sickly dog rather than their own offspring. Any traveller who shoots one of these dogs will not be forgiven and the tribe moves on out of reach in case of further loss. It seems these aborigines

originally came from New Guinea to Australia, bringing the dingo. These dogs are a menace to sheep and there is a price on their heads. A dingo scalp is worth 7*s.* 6*d.* to 2 guineas.

Richardson says dogs become, not only like their masters, but have qualities of the country where they are principally found. "The inscrutability of the Chinese in the chow, the wild and lawless spirit of the mountainous races of middle Europe in the savage sheep dogs of these regions, French poodle, vain, Irish terrier ready for a scrap or a joke, German police dog aggressive, and so on, in varying degrees all over the world one can see that the dog, the closest associate of man, partakes of his master's qualities."

The Peke

I have mentioned but a very few of the many varieties of man's faithful servant and friend—those that seem to my limited knowledge to have the most ancient ancestry. I have kept the lion dog till last, like a child who leaves what he or she considers the best till then, for to me none can quite compare with this little lion-hearted, lion-faced friend. I know that every man and woman considers his or her dog the best, and so it should be—so it will be—for dogs are, as the Americans say, "tops" in comradeship and friendship, faithful unto death.

The Peke or, more correctly, the lion dog is a gentleman by breeding and environment for hundreds of years. He has dignity and a mentality many might envy. He is aloof and regal, save with the person Fate has elected he shall worship and serve. For him or her he has a protectiveness and fidelity equalling that which finds expression in any living creature. He has a fine spirit and will never give in; he does not recognise defeat or exhaustion, and takes supreme delight in long walks across any country, however rough, feet flying, plume waving gallantly, however weary may be those soft little feet.

He will hunt unless broken of it. My own Peke had to learn that it gave me no pleasure if he laid a dead rabbit at my feet, and that it was not considered pleasing or wise to pursue the swan on the lake. He can be a great fighter when put to it, though not naturally quarrelsome—he refuses to be the under-

dog, having a natural sense of his own supremacy and importance, inherited through the centuries from his royal ancestors, and this sense of importance, in spite of his size, I think is conveyed to others. I have noticed that he usually receives a certain respect even from big dogs.

When the Chinese embraced Buddhism, they adopted the Buddha lion as a sacred symbol; his form took that of the dog whom they considered the noblest of animals. It may be seen how similar in carving is the Buddha lion to the lion dog—the Peke.

In comparatively recent days he was still regarded as worthy of royal ruling as to breeding, behaviour and tending:

"Pearls dropped from the lips of Her Imperial Majesty Tzu Hsi, Dowager Empress of the Flowery Land of Confucius."

"Let the Lion Dog be small; let it wear the swelling cape of dignity around its neck; let it display the billowing standard of pomp above its back.

"Let its face be black; let its forefront be shaggy; let its forehead be straight and low, like unto the brow of a boxer.

"For its colour, let it be that of the lion—a golden sable, to be carried in the sleeve of a yellow robe, or the colour of a red bear, or of a black bear or a white bear, or striped like a dragon, so that there may be dogs appropriate to every costume in the Imperial wardrobe, whose fitness to appear at public ceremonials and functions shall be judged by their colour and their artistic contrast with the Imperial robes.

"Let it venerate its ancestors, and deposit offerings in the Canine Cemetery of the Forbidden City on each new moon.

"Let it be taught to refrain from gadding about; let it comport itself with the dignity of a duchess. Let it learn to bite the foreign devils instantly.

"Let it wash its face like a cat with its paws; let it be dainty in its food that it shall be known for a royal and imperial dog by its fastidiousness.

"Let its eyes be large and luminous; let its ears be set like the sails of a war-junk; let its nose be like that of the monkey-god of the Hindus.

"Let its forelegs be bent, so that it shall not desire to wander far or leave the Imperial precincts.

"Let its body be shaped like that of a hunting lion spying for its prey.

"Let its feet be tufted with plentiful hair that its footfalls may be noiseless; and for its standard of pomp let it rival the whisk of the Tibetan yak, which is flourished to protect the Imperial litter from the attacks of flying insects.

"Let it be lively that it may afford entertainment by its gambols; let it be wary that it may not involve itself in danger; let it be sociable in its habits that it may live in amity with the other beasts, fishes or birds that find protection in the Imperial Palace.

"Sharks' fins and curlew's livers and the breasts of quails, on these may it be fed; and for drink give it the tea that is brewed from the spring buds of the bush that groweth in the province of Hankow; or the milk of the antelopes that pasture in the Imperial parks, or broth made from the nests of the sea-swallow.

"Thus shall it preserve its integrity and self-respect; and in the day of sickness let it be anointed with the clarified fat of the leg of a sacred leopard, and give it to drink a throstle's eggshell full of the juice of the custard apple in which has been dissolved three pinches of shredded rhinoceros horn, and apply to it piebald leeches.

"So shall it remain—but if it die, remember that thou too art mortal."

These orders have often been quoted, but it seems any reference to the lion dog lacks something without them. During the reign of this Empress there were many hundreds—some say thousands—kept in the palace and its precincts. This remarkable woman had 100 lion dogs of her own, and these were given their own apartments and attendants. She herself rarely touched them—upon the rare occasions of her doing so she invariably washed her hands afterwards.

It was this Empress who forbade the barbarous custom of docking their tails, which was supposedly responsible for their luxuriant plumes. This consideration seems incongruous with the generally accepted belief that she had neither pity nor mercy.

Her likes and dislikes were certainly violent, and she freely indulged both, dispensing wanton cruelties or lavish favours as

her imperious spirit dictated. Yet her affections were invariably constant in one direction; till her death she favoured the little lion dog, treating him with every consideration, and forbidding under penalty of torture and death that any of her people should do otherwise.

When "Old Buddha," as she was called, went on her last journey, her favourite little Pekinese dog, led by the Chief Eunuch, walked in front of her coffin, and an eyewitness reported that, though he walked with his accustomed dignity, his aspect was dejected, very unlike the gay little dog who had so often heralded the approach of his Empress. Now he gave many backward glances; it was as though he knew that she whom he had gallantly served could no longer see nor hear him. Perhaps he was thinking of the glorious past, when he had shouted his acclamation with the rest.

It seems strange to the Western mind, after so much consideration and affection had been accorded to the lion dog, that the Empress's hundred favourites should have been burnt with the effigy of herself and many of her other treasures after her death; but one must realise, though to us barbarous, this was accounted an honour. And perhaps if the lion dog were asked he would not refuse the supreme sacrifice. Rather this than life with a sad and desolate heart.

There is no question that these dogs are capable of an intense love, which, once bestowed, never changes. There are endless instances of their extraordinary intelligence and fidelity. A record still preserved tells of one of these little dogs, who, more than a thousand years ago, died of grief when his master, the Emperor, preceded him into the unknown country. "The lively little creature, who used to precede his master barking imperiously to announce his approach to the audience-chamber, had refused to eat during the Emperor's illness, and when his royal master died, sobbed out a broken heart with tears and whining. No efforts on the part of the eunuchs of the palace could prevail upon the faithful animal to walk before his master's successor. The new Emperor, touched by the dog's grief, ordered that he should be laid on white mourning cushions and carried in state in the Imperial sedan to his late

master's tomb. There the lion dog died of grief, and was by the Emperor's orders wrapped in Imperial coverings and buried beside the master whom he loved so devotedly."

One of the first Pekes to come into the hands of an Englishman was in 1843 when an English naval officer was sent ashore on business relative to the opium trade and was entertained at a certain mandarin's house, where he was treated as an honoured guest. During the course of the evening's hospitality, the mandarin produced a little dog from the sleeve of his coat, which he said, "slept on his couch, knew his thoughts and wishes, and had a marvellous instinct as to the worth of human beings." It seems also that the little dog had saved him many times from fire. The tiny creature was the size of his master's muff. Later, when the mandarin was in great danger owing to the hostilities in Pekin, he sent a huge joss to the British officer asking that he would guard this, as it contained his greatest treasure. There was a hole at the back of the image which had a golden door or lattice through which the ship's crew saw that something was moving, and, on forcing open the lattice, they found the little dog, who during the long voyage became in turn the ship's treasure, but, though he was much beloved, he did not live to reach England. Some time after, this same naval officer was on duty in Pekin and again met the mandarin, who presented him with another Pekinese. This little dog lived to a great age, and his English master said of him that he also could be trusted to gauge the worth of a man and was never wrong in his estimate.

The Dragoon Guards were the first to enter Pekin in 1860. When they were trying to enforce order during the sacking of the Summer Palace, they found in one of the inner chambers, which was closely shuttered, the magnificently robed body of an imperial princess; too proud to fly, she had killed herself rather than fall into the hands of the foreigner. Her little lion dogs were gravely guarding the body. Three of these were brought to England; one was presented to Queen Victoria by General Dunne and appropriately named "Looty." It is said he was small enough to curl up comfortably in the General's service cap. His portrait was painted for the Queen and shows

a dignified little figure with a haunting sadness in the large brown eyes. Was he remembering his last royal mistress and his imperial past?

During the Boxer Rising, Prince Ch'ing asked for a permit to pass through the troops from the palace, where he was in ambush. The officer in command, agreed to allow the Prince through the lines, provided he brought from the palace a male and female of what he, Major Gwynne, described as "the quaintest little devils" that he had seen in the guise of a dog. After some hesitation, this was arranged, and the dogs were given to Major Gwynne. One of them, which was aptly named by his new master "Boxer," was twice wounded during the siege, but nevertheless he lived to a ripe old age.

It is probable the Peke is the only dog who has remained practically unchanged for 4,000 years. They have been looked upon by the Chinese people with much the same reverence as the Emperors themselves, and one gathers that even those great ones regarded the lion dog as something sacred. They invariably preceded the Emperor to the Great Hall of Audience, heralding their master's approach; others followed after, holding the hem of the imperial robe between their teeth, their proud, almost swaggering gait showing they were fully conscious of their own importance. The dogs, male and female, were invested with official rank and the dignity of a high order.

Yet, though they were surrounded by something almost more than adulation and treated with every consideration and care, even to being suckled by the waiting-women of the Court, they ever remained valiant and fearless, ready to fight to the death, if need be. They never voice protest even when they are suffering acute pain. Had they done so in their imperial past, the result would have been instant death. This control has remained with them. Even to-day when several of these little dogs are together and there is a fight, if either of the combatants shout, all the others will set upon him and kill him, and nothing will stop this onslaught and punishment of the one who has dared so to disgrace their royal blood. They will endure not only pain, but discomfort, and are never embarrassed or ruffled, they

have the dignity and composure which befits royalty. Whether they are crossing swollen rivers on blown-up buffalo skins, stretching luxuriously on embroidered cushions in a palace, or lying on the bare boards of a garret, it is all the same. Whether given minced chicken on a silver dish or bread on a platter, the lion dog remains unperturbed, his pride unbroken. He acknowledges and serves his king, that being to whom he has sworn allegience; but there are things that this king must remember.

The lion dog must never be laughed at; it is an indignity he cannot endure. He will laugh with his king, of course, play the fool when desired, but that is quite different; he is then sharing the fun.

There are but two things this valiant subject fears, only because he can neither see nor understand them—thunder and the howling of a great wind. The only time I have ever seen my own gallant lion dog daunted has been in the presence of either of these invisible enemies. An authority on the Peke says this fear is inherited from those ancestors who fearfully endured the terrific thunderstorms and typhoons of their native land.

They have also a very real dislike of stairs or steps of any kind —these are strange to the lion dog—having had no stairs to negotiate for hundreds of years. I have often watched Pekes standing at the bottom or the top of stairs, looking at them ruefully, then, with silent protest and reproachful eye, making the ascent or descent.

These were the only occasions when I received the approval of my Peke for picking him up; though all inherited tradition is forgotten when stairs lie between Peke and chosen king. Then wings are suddenly provided, and it is non-stop to Paradise.

DISTANT BARKS

THERE ARE MANY THINGS about these understanding and devoted friends of ours that belong to a hidden past. What made them leap the chasm and adopt man? That we shall never know. The interesting myths and legends about them are all flavoured with the truth of their faithfulness and capacity to guard.

In parts of eastern, northern and central India, also among the Finnish people, there is a legend that God had a great difficulty in finishing His complicated work—the creation of man—because, when He rested, a powerful evil spirit, which seems to have taken various forms, always destroyed the unfinished work. Then the Creator conceived the idea of dog—something that should guard. So it was that dog was created, in order that when the Great Artist rested, His unfinished work should be safe. So well did dog guard from the destroying evil that God was able to complete His work, and man lived. God then said to the dog: "Because of that which thou hast done—because thou hast been of untiring vigilance—I will reward thee. I will graft into thy being an ever-faithful heart, exceeding even that which I have given unto man; and this creature whom thou hast guarded shall be unto thee from henceforth even as a god, and ceaselessly shalt thou follow him whithersoever he goeth, and he shall know thee as friend." And dogs are faithful to their trust even unto this day, and will howl when the evil that is death approaches man to destroy him. But God, weary with His labour of creating, sleeps; and so it is that man dies.

Though the *Mohammedans* shrink from dog's touch as defilement, he is immortalised in the Koran. Kitmer is the dog of the Seven Sleepers. When these men took refuge in a cave from their persecutor, the Emperor Decius, they first tried to drive Kitmer away; but he was given the power of speech and said: "I love those who are dear unto God; go to sleep therefore and I will

guard you." So they permitted him to remain, and he stretched forth his legs in the mouth of the cave, and there he remained on guard for three hundred years.

The *Hindus* held the dog in contempt. Many Eastern people still regard him as a pariah, and he is treated with no consideration. Even to touch him is to be defiled. Yet in the Sanscrit Iliad, the *Mahabharata*—which is as old as the Homeric poems—there is a wonderful tribute paid to a faithful dog. Yudhishthira, the perfect Hindu, would not enter Heaven without his dog. He pursued his way to Paradise followed by his hound:

> "*Walking with his face set for the Mount,*
> *And the hound followed him, only the hound.*"

And it was not until the hound was permitted to enter with him that he would himself partake of the joys of Heaven. Indra at first refused to admit the dog, but finally Yudhishthira convinced the god that in that case he would depart into outer darkness, for he must render himself utterly unworthy of Heaven if he deserted his faithful companion: and so it was that the dog was changed into a shining god, and they entered Heaven together, where, it is said, they "were acclaimed by radiant multitudes."

The *American Indian tribes* believe that the eclipse of the sun was caused by the round ball of fire being swallowed by the devil dog.

In the *Mexican* "Book of the Dead," the spirits of Aztecs were given a sheaf of javelins and their favourite dog with which to fare forth and battle against the powerful devils that must be encountered on their journey to the other world. Javelin, well-aimed, would destroy; dog would protect and guard. It was no flowery path that man and dog must travel, it was jungle beset with monstrous beings with devil cunning, but the other world was not given save to that man and dog prepared to endure, to fight, to conquer—the other world must be won, and dog helped man to the desired end.

The ancient *Persian* fire-worshippers believed in the immor-

tality of the dog. Dog worship preceded sun worship in Persia.

Egyptians held dogs very highly as guards and they valued their fidelity and courage. They used them to protect their flocks and herds from thieves, both man and beast. They were employed to guard their cities, temples and palaces.

The dog was worshipped principally at Hermopolis the Great and in practically all towns in Egypt. Cynopolis was built in honour of the dog.

Herodotus tells us of the high opinion in which they were held by the Egyptians. When a dog died, the family used to shave themselves in mourning.

Sirius, the dog star, always heralded the rising of the waters of the Lower Nile, and as the fertility of the country and the people's very lives depended on this regularity, its appearance earned the star the name of the most faithful thing the Egyptians knew.

The *Hebrews* dismissed the dog with contempt, but Greek and Latin writers regard him as companion of man, giving continual examples of vigilance and fidelity.

The *Greeks* showed their appreciation of dogs by giving certain hills and promontories in Thessaly and Athenia the names of "Dog's Head" and "Dog's Tail." Their famous "Dog's Tomb" is supposedly the tomb of Hecuba, who had been changed into a dog.

The ancient Greeks thought if a man was in danger of going insane and he carried a dog about with him it would keep the evil one at bay.

Pythagorus taught that at the death of a man his soul entered into an animal, and whenever one of his favourite disciples died a dog was held to his mouth, because he believed that this animal was most worthy to receive the spirit and to perpetuate virtues.

In their old legends, dog Cerberus was entrusted by Pluto with the task of preventing spirits of the dead escaping from Hell. When Christianity replaced Pluto with Satan, the services of Cerberus were still retained. Dante describes him as guarding the third circle of the Inferno.

In Plutarch's *Cato* is the following passage: "A good man will

take care of his horses and dogs, not only while they are young, but when they are old and past service. . . .

"We certainly ought not to treat living creatures like shoes or household goods, which when worn with use we throw away; and were it only to learn benevolence to human kind, we should be merciful to other creatures. For my own part, I would not sell even an old ox which had laboured for me."

The *Romans* were, as far as one can gather, considerate to their dogs, with the exception of the cruel custom dating from 385 B.C. Because they had once failed to give warning of the approach of an enemy, every year a dog was impaled on a branch of elder.

Pliny the Elder tells us when Titius Sabinus and his slaves were put to death, a dog belonging to one of these slaves could neither be driven away from the prison nor made to leave the corpse of his master when thrown down the Gemonian steps. Standing over it, he uttered such sad cries that a crowd of Roman citizens collected round, and someone offered him food. The dog took the meat, but laid it down beside his dead master's mouth. Even when the body was thrown into the Tiber, he swam out after it, and was seen endeavouring to support it as it was carried away by the stream.

Pompeii was destroyed by the eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79, and it was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that the site was found. Among the many things discovered during the excavations was the skeleton of a child, across which, as though in a last attempt to guard its playmate, lay the skeleton of a dog. Round the dog's neck was a collar of silver on which was engraved the name of its master, Severinos, its own name, Delta, and the fact that the dog had once saved his master's life by killing a wolf which had attacked him near the town of Herculaneum.

In the old *Norse* laws comes the following sentence: "We are eight together, and the dog is the ninth." In the Icelandic Saga of Nial (thirteenth century) we read of Sam, Gunnar's dog, and how those who wished to assassinate his master arranged for one of them to go first and lure the animal away. But Sam was a match for them: he recognised, not only the neighbour, but

enemies gathered around at the back of him, and he attacked them with all the ferocity of which he was capable, so that one of them slew the dog; but before he died he howled loudly, so as to awaken his master, who, it is said, cried, "Badly do they deal with thee, Sam, my foster-child." In the uneven conflict that ensued Gunnar was also killed, so that he and his "foster-child" were not divided.

There is the story of the sheep dog, Vigi, in the Norwegian sagas. It seems that "King Olaf Trygveson, being engaged in harrying Ireland from the sea, his men landed on a certain part of the coast and drove together a vast herd of oxen as spoil. A peasant, however, besought Olaf so earnestly to restore those which belonged to him that the King consented to give him back such as he could prove to have been his own. Thereupon the peasant made his sheep dog understand what was required of him, and the dog entered among the herds, which consisted of many hundreds of oxen, and drove apart a great number, which the peasant accordingly claimed. Then King Olaf gave those oxen to the peasant, but begged him to sell the dog, which the peasant did. Then the King gave the peasant a gold ring and promised him his friendship. And the dog was called Vigi, and he was the best of all dogs, and Olaf possessed and cherished him for many years."

It is also told of Vigi that he fought many times by the side of his master. At the last, when King Olaf fell on the ship which was celebrated through all the sagas as the "Great Sea Serpent," Vigi was on the forecastle close to the warriors all through the battle. After it was over, Einar, before going ashore with the Earl, went to the spot where the dog lay and said to him: "Vigi, we have lost our Master." "Then the dog, hearing this, sprang to his feet and yelled aloud, as if he had received a sting in his heart. And Vigi leapt ashore and ran up a hill and remained on the summit, refusing to take food from anyone. Tears were in his eyes as he fell to the ground, and so he bewailed his master's death till he died."

One of the legends of the *Eskimo* is that an earthquake is caused by the Hound of Hell scratching his fleas and shaking them off.

FIDELIS

With eye upraised, his master's looks to scan,
The joy, the solace, and the aid of man;
The rich man's guardian, and the poor man's friend,
The only being faithful to the end.

CRABBE.

DOGS WILL OBEY THEIR masters for good or ill.

Smuggling

In the eighteenth century dogs were employed in the Netherlands to smuggle lace and other contraband over the frontier without any human in attendance, the journey being made under cover of darkness. The most seasoned and intelligent dog was chosen as leader, and when he scented Custom House officers he turned back, and this was the signal for a general retreat. If he escaped detection and reached the receiving house safely, this leader entered, the others not showing themselves until his sharp bark intimated that all was safe.

By an official statement published at Metz, it appears that when smuggling was at its height no fewer than 55,800 dogs crossed the Rhine loaded with contraband goods and escaped the vigilance of the Excise men. It is estimated that they must have conveyed about 134 tons of merchandise across the frontier.

The smuggler-dog Diable smuggled through 50,000 francs worth of lace alone, apart from other articles. His hair was dyed different colours by his master so that the Custom officers should not recognise him, but he was eventually caught and shot.

It is not necessary for a man to be deserving to gain the love of his dog. A young man who lived in Paris wished to rid himself of his faithful friend, and hired a boat in order more easily to do so. The dog was thrown in, and when he attempted to get back to his master by climbing up the side of the boat, he was

continually pushed back and struck on the head with the oar. In so doing, the man himself fell into the water and would have drowned had not the dog held him up until help came. Unfortunately, it is not recorded what happened to the dog.

In the same city, a tradesman in the Rue St. Denis had a dog that would find anything belonging to his master. It was his delight to test his dog's remarkable capacity for scenting. Nothing seemed to baffle him. On one occasion the dog was shown a coin taken from his master's pocket, then the dog was shut up and the coin was thrown on the road some distance from the house after being carefully marked. He then told his dog to find the coin. The dog immediately set out, discovered the place in the road where the coin had been dropped, then followed the scent of a man who had picked it up, found his hotel, singled out the man and repeatedly jumped up at his pocket. The man thought the dog had taken a fancy to him, and, reciprocating the sentiment, gave the dog a good supper, and was delighted to find himself closely followed, even into the bedroom. But no sooner had he removed his trousers than the dog lay on them and barked persistently until the man opened the door to see the cause of the disturbance. Then the dog instantly made off with the trousers, in the pocket of which was a wallet containing all the owner's money. It was fortunate that the people at the hotel knew the dog's master and sent for him, when the trousers and wallet were returned.

"Now, sir," said the proud owner of the dog, "I think that you will find in your trouser pocket a marked coin which you must have picked up in the Boulevard Ste. Antoine, where I threw it down. My dog knew this coin to be mine and spared no pains to return it. You will pardon him, I am sure."

There are many instances of dogs who refused to be comforted when they had lost their masters, sometimes refusing to leave the grave, and almost invariably dying of a broken heart.

There is a touching story of a poor tailor's dog whose master lived in the parish of Ste. Olaf. This little dog refused to leave his dead master, licking his face in an effort to rouse him. He followed the body to the grave, and after the funeral was hunted out of the churchyard by the sexton. Although this

particular churchyard was surrounded by high buildings and had only one large closed gate, the dog somehow managed to get in, and kept a faithful guard over the grave. Again he was hunted out, and again he was found in the same place next day. The padre was then told by the sexton of the repeated visits, and was so stirred by this devotion that he carried the dog home; but the animal still found his way back to the grave, and so the padre placed upon it a small kennel and replenished it once a day with food and water. For two years the dog lived in this way. Few can have had a more touching tribute than this living guard. When he died, after a long and faithful vigil, he was permitted burial by the side of his beloved master.

When I was in Dublin, I heard of the faithfulness of a mongrel dog to a poor little Irish urchin. The boy was run over and killed, and very speedily "waked" and buried, the dog waited until all the people had disappeared and then started to scratch up the earth until he came to the coffin, where he lay, refusing to leave.

The present *Isle of Dogs* was first called "Dogs' Island" in the seventeenth century, because of a dog's faithful watch over his master's body. The story goes that the dog was seen daily swimming over to the island from the mainland, returning only for his food. Certain men on the wharf became curious and followed him, to find that he went directly to a certain patch of earth and there remained. They decided it was worth while to investigate what lay beneath, and found the body of a man recently murdered. One of the men recognised the body as that of the dog's master. It was removed to the mainland and buried. The dog then ceased to visit the island, but continued to frequent the wharf and, one day, was seen to savagely attack a man. This man proved to be the murderer, so the dog, who had been unable to save his beloved master's life, was instrumental in avenging his death.

Dog Helps Dog. I have known them importune assistance for another dog caught in a trap and even found they will

take their own precious bone and give it to one so prisoned.

Blackie, whose picture is included among the illustrations, scratched at the rubble of a bombed house for sixteen hours in order to release his fox-terrier friend, whom he at last succeeded in dragging out, and he is but one of many dogs I have known to help each other.

When I was working on a farm in the North, a collie was regrettably chained to its kennel by so short a chain that it could only move out a few feet. The kennel was in an open yard. One bitterly cold night when the hail was beating down, a female dog evidently begged the collie for shelter, for in the morning the collie was found outside his kennel while the female dog, an entire stranger, was comfortably installed inside the kennel with five newly-born puppies.

The Watch-dog

Dr. Caius wrote "Of the Latinists Canis Cultos, in Englishe the Dogge keeper.

"Borrowing his name of his seruice, for he doth not onely keepe farmers houses, but also merchaunts maisons, wherein great wealth, riches, substance and costly stuffe is reposed. And therefore were certain dogges founde and maintained at the common costes and charges of the Citizens of Rome in the place called Capitolium, to giue warning of theefes comming."

Lieut.-Colonel Richardson devotes a book to the story of the watch-dog. In it he says:

"The inborn instinct to defend his woman and his young surges with furious determination within the cave-man, as he grasps his weapons with intent there and then to dash forth to slay his enemy. But the woman's loneliness comes to him again. What can he do? How can he leave her unprotected while he goes forth to fight or to the chase? His roving eye falls on the dog skulking at the mouth of the cave. He takes him in, and lets him lie beside the logs. He feeds him, and exults as he sees the response to his attentions. He sees the animal's pricked ears, rising fur, and snarling teeth at the strange footfall without, and also notes the loving response to the fondling offered to this new denizen of the cave by the children.

"In time this first watch-dog, and others with him, are installed as recognised guardians of the cave family, and so began the long line of home canine guardians, through times of swamp, and times of sand, of wattle and reed, and later of castle and camp and fort and temple. Man found that he could not work all day and watch at night as well, and the dog readily and effectively co-operated with his master in the protection of his household at night, so that man could rest."

Watch-dogs remain and will remain; the necessity for them is with us to-day as it was thousands of years ago.

Alexander, the Tyrant of Pheræ in Thessaly, would probably never have been murdered if his wife, who instigated the murder, had not first removed his dog. Plutarch tells us:

"The whole palace was full of guards throughout the night, except the tyrant's bed-chamber, an upper room guarded by a dog chained at the door, which would fly at everybody except his master and mistress and one slave that fed him. Thebe (his wife) went in alone as usual to Alexander, who was already asleep, but presently came out again and ordered the slave to take away the dog, because her husband chose to sleep without being disturbed. This left a safe entrance for her brothers."

It behoves husbands who are tyrants to not only keep a dog, but keep him close.

It would seem as Richardson says that man has not learnt to love his brother sufficiently to be able to dispense with the devoted safeguard offered by his dogs.

Transport

Dogs are used for transport in several parts of the world, not only the sledge dog of the Polar regions, but in the Azores they carry large baskets and do the family shopping, and in various parts of Europe and Canada they are still employed to draw carts, often of incredible size.

Dogs as beasts of burden are forbidden by law in England. I think that dogs enjoy service and exercise, provided, of course, they are not over-burdened. Service dogs are certainly infinitely happier than those who are chained up all day and lack exercise.

In Belgium I have seen dogs constantly drawing little carts; they were evidently well cared for, the law protected them regarding harness to be worn, type of cart and weight to be drawn, even the size of the dog that might be employed was regulated by the State.

Caius writes of a "*Dogge messinger or Carrier*":

"Upon substanciall consideration, because at his masters voyce and cammaundment, he carrieth letters from place to place, wrapped vp cunningly in his lether collar, fastened thereto, or sowed close therein, who, lest he should be hindered in his passage vseth these helpes very skilfully, namely resistaunce in fighting if he be not ouermatched, or else swiftnesse and readinesse in running away, if he be vnable to buckle with the dogs that would faine have a snatch at his skinne."

A well-known dog, Flambeau, died recently in the Alpine region. For eight years, in all weathers, Flambeau had carried two mail-bags.

Before the war about 200,000 dogs were so working in Belgium.

Most countries have discovered the value of dogs as guides. In Germany before the present war, 5,000 dogs were used to lead the blind.

Dogs are employed by our railway companies not only for collecting money, but in certain parts of Wales to clear the track of sheep; they are acutely conscious of the whistle of a train and will immediately drive any sheep off the line.

Police Dogs

Some years ago I saw an exhibition of Belgian police dogs at Ostende. The valour and intelligence shown by them were amazing. One feat was that the dogs had to jump a wall, the height of which was gradually increased up to 20 feet. Then a hut was set on fire and the dog, after rescuing the trapped victim (who was protected in an asbestos suit), set about to extinguish the conflagration.

"Some other Dogges there be, which will not suffer fyery coales to lye skattered about the hearthe, but with their pawes will take up the burnyng coales, musying and studying fyrst

with themselues how it might be conueniently done. And if so bee that the coales caste to great a heate then will they buyry them in ashes and so remoue them forwarde to a fyt place wyth theyr noses."

There are many police dogs who have a wonderful record. One of these whose name has lived is Tref, a Russian police dog. He would unerringly trace stolen goods and when these were recovered would trace the thief from place to place until he was caught; there was no escape from Tref if he were the chosen detective.

DOGS GO TO CHURCH

THE DOG IS NO STRANGER to temple and church. In the past they are frequently mentioned as guarding temples.

"Near to Mount Gibell, in Cicilia, there was a temple builded to Vulcan, the groave whereof was guarded by dogs (as M. Marlianus also reporteth, that in old Rome, before Vulcan's chappell, in the Flaminian Cirque, were certain dogs that would never barke but against church-robbers), which would run with great fawning to meet the good and devout Pilgrims; but if any that were villainous and dishonest came thither, they were miserably torne in pieces by those dogs."

Lambeth Church. There is a window in which is shown a pedlar and his dog. It is said that in the fifteenth century a pedlar was walking with his dog across the adjacent open country when his dog suddenly stopped and began pawing the earth. He discovered a pot full of gold coins. The pedlar being a very canny man, put back the earth, said nothing about it, and bought the land for half a crown. Later, when he was a rich man, he gave a large sum of money to the church and presented the window. The property, which is still called "Pedlar's Acre," brings in a rental of £1,000 a year.

The shepherd's dog has been a regular church-goer in the past, and still accompanies his master in certain districts. With his capacity for responding to the tone of the voice, he soon came to know when the service was ending and only remained suitably devout until such time.

In Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, he tells us "the dogs knew that the last psalm heralded the end of the service, and this was accompanied by a universal yawning, stretching and shaking on the part of the tail-waggers. Some could not control themselves from voicing a joyous bark before the blessing was over. The congregation of a certain church (in Sutherland) determined that the service should close in a more decorous manner, and steps were taken to attain this object. Accordingly, when a strange clergyman was officiating, he found all the people sitting when he was about to pronounce the Blessing. He paused, expecting them to rise, till an old shepherd, looking up to the pulpit, said: "Say awa', sir. We're a' sittin' to cheat the dowgs."

We are told dog-whippers in mediæval times reaped quite a good sum. In many church records are to be found entries as follows: "For whipping doogs out of church paid 2*s*." I am told the Parish Clerk of Barton Turf on the Norfolk Broads has the rent of 3 acres called "Dog Whippers land," and in Kent there is a piece of ground known as "Dog Whippers Marsh."

I have seen in several old churches "lazy-tongs" used for ejecting dogs who failed to be devout.

The "Dog-nawper" was a long stick with a large knob on the end. It was carried by the verger when I was child in the old church at Kinver in Staffordshire. It was used for sleeping humans or restless dogs and many a cracking blow have I heard fall upon the unwary. My father's favourite collie, who accompanied him to church, lay quietly under the seat of the high square pew, but when old Hubbard peered over to see if any dared to sleep a low growl warned him it was better to pass on. I never remember the dog receiving a rap, though once, when my father emitted a loud snore during a particularly boring sermon, he was not so respected. Originally these "Dog-nawpers" were used by churchwardens, it being part of their office to carry them.

E. R. Yarham tells us that at Stanton Church in the Cotswold country "the heads of the last three bench ends at the north-west of the middle aisle are deeply notched; no doubt these marks were originally made by dog-chains, and pews appear to

have been allotted to farmers and shepherds who brought their dogs with them."

There are many records of dog-fights in church. In *The Life and Opinion of Robert Roberts* we read that the Parson of Gwytherin Church in Wales had a dog Pedro who always lay down in front of the altar. It seems that an old shepherd, David Jones, one Sunday brought a strange dog not used to church-going. This dog refused to lie down, but walked up and down the aisle. In the course of these perambulations Pedro saw him, and, naturally resenting this unseemly behaviour, growled protest. Then we are told the two marched down the aisle, eyeing each other fiercely, showing their teeth. By the time they reached the lectern, they could restrain their wrath no longer, but started a fight. The parson stopped the lesson he was reading, looked at them for a second or two with great approval, then called out: "I'll bet a pound on my Pedro. Who'll take it?"

Another parson, this time in the Highlands, was often disturbed by dog-fights, which were encouraged by an interested congregation, who backed their favourites. It is told of this parson that on one occasion his sporting instinct overruled his clerical calling to the extent that, shutting his book, he addressed his congregation thus: "If next Sabbath ye would raither watch the wrestlings of wrathful beasts than hear the exposition of the True Word, I—I——" Here he paused and then continued with evident relish: "I wouldna' mind risking a saxpence on yon black dog."

A dear old parson I knew had a collie who used to sit quietly in the porch until his master gave out the text for his sermon, then he would enter the first available pew and fall into a pleasant slumber until his master had finished, when he would leave the pew and return home.

Dogs to-day rarely accompany their owners, though I invariably took my little dog, Buddy, to church with me. He always sat quietly in the pew until I read the lesson, when he would accompany me to the lectern and then, assuring himself that all was well, he would return to the pew. No one ever took the slightest notice of this procedure.

A spaniel belonging to a Lord Wiltshire was responsible for

the foundation of the Church of England. "Henry VIII sent Lord Wiltshire as ambassador to Rome to obtain permission from the Pope for his divorce. When ushered into the Pope's presence, Lord Wiltshire knelt to kiss his Holiness's toe, and the Pope, to facilitate matters, moved his foot forward. Wiltshire's spaniel, who had accompanied him, taking the action for an attempt to kick his master in the face, leapt forward and bit the toe. Such a riotous scene followed that Lord Wiltshire had to beat a hasty retreat from Rome, his mission unaccomplished, with the result that Henry, unable to obtain a legal divorce, disassociated himself—and England—from Rome."

IN ROYAL COMPANY

MANY KINGS, QUEENS AND princes have "given their hearts to a dog to tear."

Ulysses' Argus, who remembered. This dog became known to us chiefly through the Odyssey.

After twenty years' absence, when Ulysses was returning to his home, he was tortured by the news he received of enemies who had invaded his house and were plotting to take his wife from him and dispossess his son of the Kingdom of Ithaca. In appearance, Ulysses was changed by the searing of adventurous years and his own design, for he employed disguise so that he might see for himself all that had been reported to him. So it was that none of his people knew him, not even his well-loved wife, none save the dog whom he had bred himself, whom he had left as a puppy, but who had given him once and for ever the loyalty and devotion which only dog can. All the long years Argus had waited and whether hunting, trying to comfort Penelope, or suffering the kicks and ill-treatment of his master's enemies, indeed wherever he might be and whatever the hour, or the fortune of the day, he longed for the sound and sight of his well-loved master, whom he knew would surely return.

Homer graphically describes his meeting with Ulysses at long last, when the old dog was ill-favoured, ill-tended, dying:

"And at the door of the court there lay the dog Argus . . . on a dunghill, and the lice swarmed upon him. Well he knew his master, and, for that he could not come near to him, wagged his tail and drooped his ears.

"And Ulysses, when he saw him, wiped away a tear and said: 'Surely this is strange, Eumæus, that such a dog, being of so fine a breed, should lie here upon a dunghill.'

And Eumæus made reply: "He belongeth to a master who died far away. For, indeed, when Ulysses had him of old, he was the strongest and swiftest of dogs; but now my dear lord has perished far away, and the careless women tend him not. For when the master is away the slaves are careless of their duty.' And as he spoke the dog Argus died. Twenty years had he waited, and saw his master at the last."

When *Alexander* went to see Diogenes (412–323 B.C.) he introduced himself with these words: "I am Alexander, surnamed the Great," to which the philosopher replied: "And I am Diogenes, surnamed the Dog." The Athenians raised to the philosopher's memory a pillar of Parian marble, surmounted by a dog.

Alcibiades had a dog of uncommon size and beauty, Plutarch tells us that it cost 70 minæ, "and yet his tail, which was his principal ornament, he caused to be cut off. Some of his acquaintances severely blamed his acting so strangely, and told him that all Athens rung with the story of his foolish treatment of the dog: at which he laughed and said, "This is the very thing I wished; for I would have the Athenians talk of this, lest they should find something worse to say of me."

An antique marble representing this dog in his curtailed state is now at Duncombe Park, Yorkshire.

King Lysimachus' favourite dog was Hyrcanus. It is recorded that when his master fell in battle fighting for Alexander the Great, he followed the body to the funeral pyre, and stood watching for some time, "but as the flames grew he took one bound into their midst and perished with his master."

In the reign of *King Pyrrhus*, 250 B.C., one of the King's slaves was set upon and murdered, despite efforts of his faithful dog to protect him. The body was left by the roadside and the dog



[Photo: George Mannell

NANCY PRICE AND COMRADES

See page 18



[*Photo: Fox.*

SOLEMN CONCLUSION.

"If this is the world we dreamt about
We must stick together, or else get out!"

See page 26



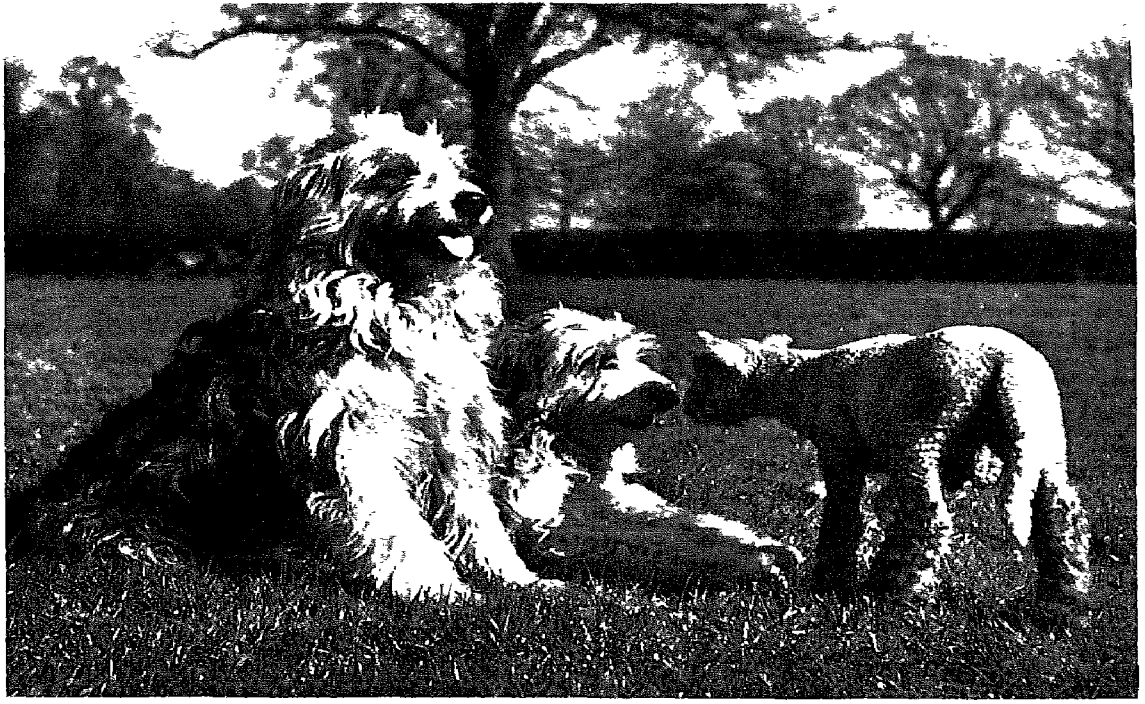
[*Photo: Fox.*

"WHAT I HAVE I HOLD."

See page 21



See page 32



"ARMISTICE."

See page 49



[*Photo: D. C. Benson and Campbell Thomson, Ltd.*

THE OUTLAW (A WHITE DINGO).

The Australian dingo is older than the European dog, and is actually the purest bred animal in the world. There is a price on his head through

See page 50



From the painting by Dorothy Hallett.

"TREASURES FROM THE EAST."

The miniature lion of China . . .
Honey-coloured is his long and silken hair
That frames the wise and solemn little face . . .
Through those intelligent eyes
Dreams the forgotten tradition
Of an antique golden age.

CLARE CAMERON

See page 65

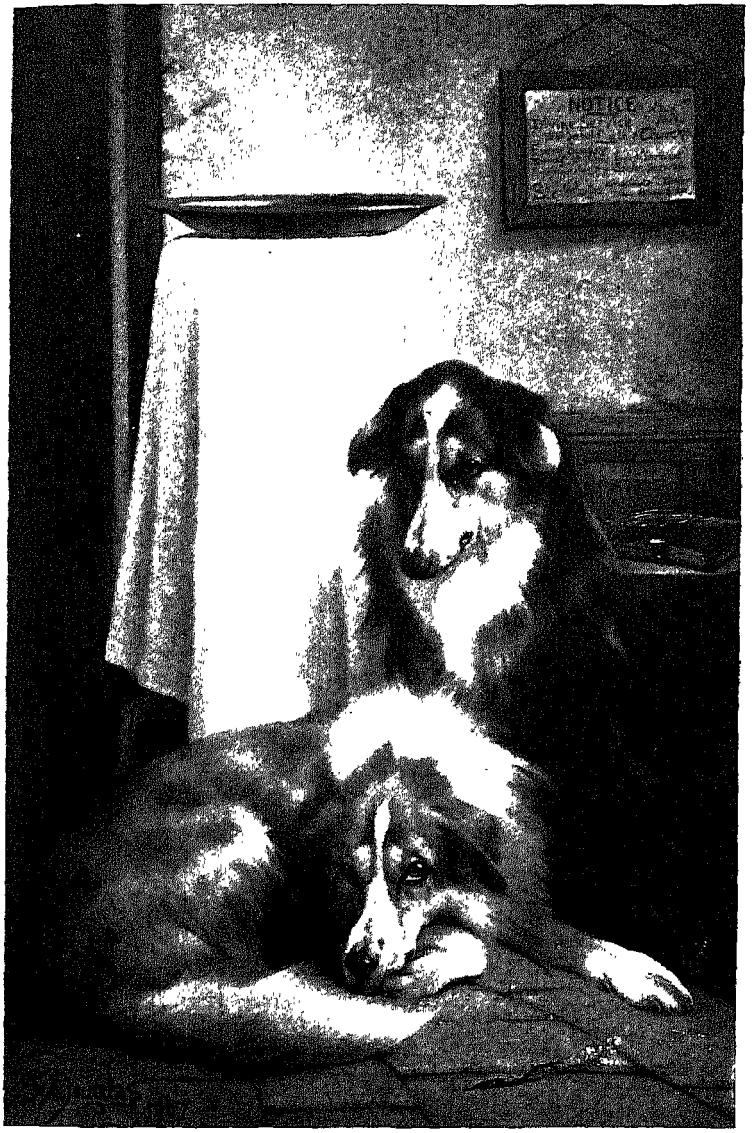


[*Photo: Fox.*

"BLACKIE" (DECORATED FOR VALOUR).

He scratched at the rubble of a bombed house for sixteen hours to release his fox-terrier friend, and at last dragged him out by the collar unhurt.

See page 68



"ELDERS OF THE KIRK."

From the painting by Edwin Douglas.

See page 76



From the painting by Dorothy S. Hallett

JUDGES OF THE HIGH COURT.

See page 78



[*Photo: Fox,*

SENSE AND NONSENSE.

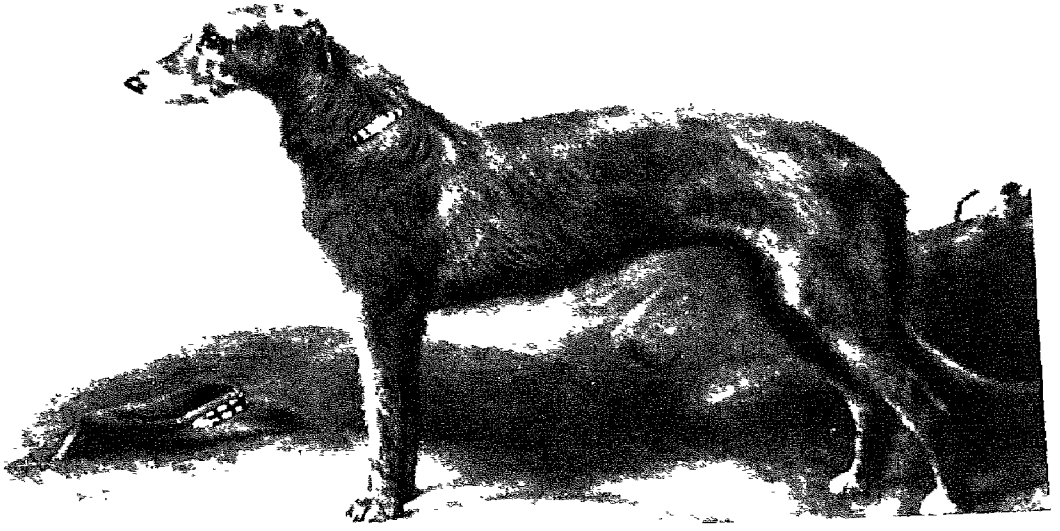
See page 109



"A HIGHLAND POST-OFFICE."

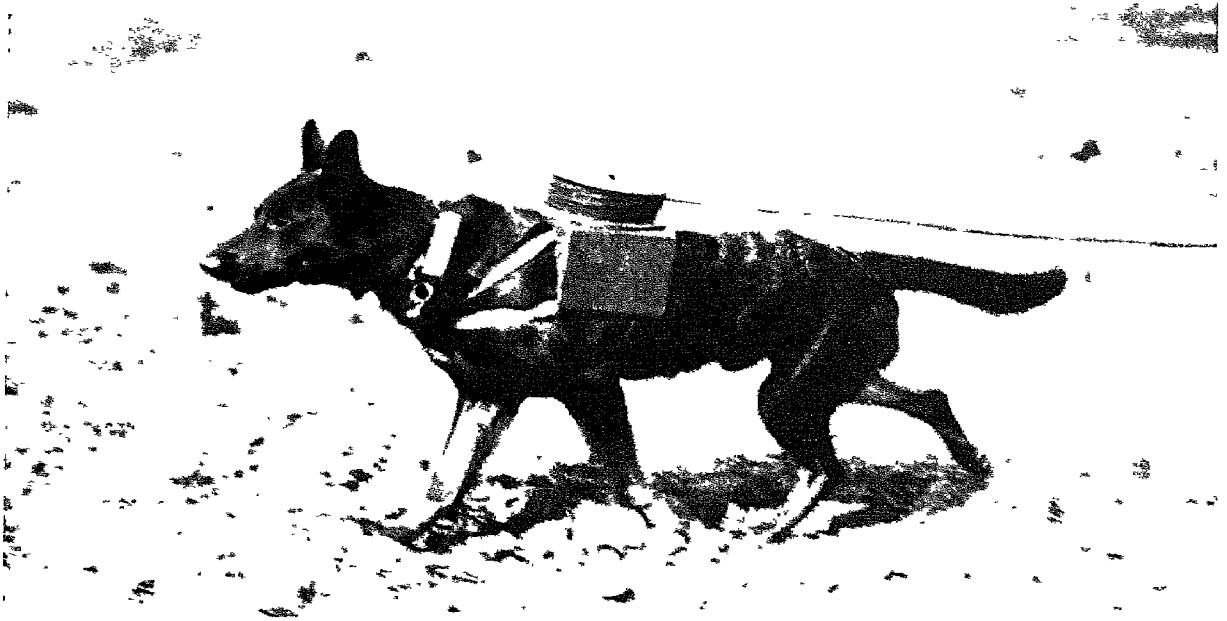
From the painting by Edwin Douglas.

See page 109



Champion Rhyme was the most successful dog or bitch ever exhibited, and during her career won every prize that could be won by a dog. She was the greatest champion of champions; her class prizes were in hundreds and they were won at every show from Land's End to John o' Groats.

From the portrait by Edwin Douglas.



LAYING FIELD TELEPHONE WIRE.

Max served under three flags. He understood and carried out orders in three languages. He was trained in war work by the Russians, the Germans took him prisoner, and later he was again captured by the British. It was only a matter of weeks before he learnt to carry out orders given by them.



[*Photo: John H. Stone.*

"AS YOU LIKE IT."

. . . So I laugh when I hear them make it plain
That dogs and men never meet again.
For all their talk who'd listen to them,
With the soul in the shining eyes of him?
Would God be wasting a dog like him?

W. M. LETTS



"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE." *Harold Burdekin.*

remained by its side. King Pyrrhus, passing by, was touched by the dog's faithfulness and ordered the body to be buried and took the dog back to the palace, where he became a special favourite. One day accompanying the King when he reviewed his troops the dog rushed savagely upon two soldiers and refused to let them pass. These men afterwards confessed to have murdered the dog's master and received a just punishment.

This dog's name has not been handed down to us, though his faithfulness has been considered worthy of record.

King Arthur's favourite hound was Cavall. Tennyson mentions him in the *Idylls of the King*:

> "*And while they listen'd for the distant hunt,*
> *Chiefly for the baying of Cavall,*
> *King Arthur's hound of deepest mouth.*"

Richard II had a favourite greyhound, *Mattie*. This dog was the one exception I have known to dog's faithfulness.

He is remembered rather as Judas is remembered. I quote Dr. Caius's description. He writes: "as John Froisart the Historiographer in his 4. lib. reporteth. A Greyhound of King Richard, the second y'wore the Crowne and bare the Sceptre of the Realme of England, neuer knowing any man, beside the King's person, when Henry Duke of Lancaster came to the castle of Flinte to take King Richarde. The Dogge forsaking his former Lord and master came to Duke Henry, fawned upon him with such resemblances of goodwyll and conceaued affection, as he fauoured King Richarde before: He followed the Duke, and vtterly left the King. So that by these manifest circumstances a man myght iudge this Dogge to haue bene lightened wyth the lampe of foreknoweldge and vnderstading, touchyng his olde masters miseryes to come, and ynhappinesse nye at hand, which King Richarde himselfe euidently perceaued, accounting this deede of his Dogge a Prophecy of his ouerthrowe."

Queen Elizabeth had a toy terrier who shared favours with her jester and both were accorded indulgences denied to peers and princes.

Mary Queen of Scots' Dog. In Dumas' very poignant and tragic description of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, we read of this faithful little dog. He had managed to avoid detection in order to be with his mistress and followed her to the scaffold by hiding under her skirts. Dumas writes: "Jane Kennedy remembered the little dog, and looked about on all sides for him, calling him by name, but he had disappeared. A moment later, as one of the executioners was untying the queen's garters, which were of blue satin embroidered with silver, he spied the poor little creature hiding in her petticoat, whence he had to be removed by force; the next moment he escaped from his grasp again and lay down between his mistress's shoulders and the head, which had been deposited beside the body. Jane took him then, not heeding his piteous cries, and carried him away, all covered, as he was, with blood, for the order had been given for everybody to leave the room."

I have often wondered what happened to this faithful little friend. Probably the Queen had left him in the safe keeping of Jane Kennedy. He must have been more precious than the many other legacies which she allocated in her will.

Sir John Harrington's Bungay had often been at Court. The following is a letter written to Prince Henry, the eldest son of King James I:

"May it please your Highness: having good reason to think your Highness has good will and liking to read what others have of my rare Dogge, I will even give a brief history of his good deeds and strange feats; and herein will I not play the cur myself, but in good sooth relate what is no more nor less than bare verity. Although I mean not to disparage the deeds of Alexander's horse, I will match my Dogge against him for good carriage, for, if he did not bear a great Prince on his back, I am bold to say he did often bear the sweet words of a greater Princess on his neck.

"I did once relate to your Highness how he did sojourn from my house at Bath to Greenwich Palace, and deliver up to the Court there such matters as were entrusted to his care. This he hath often done, and came safe to Bath or my house here at Kelston, with goodly returns from such Nobility as were pleased

to employ him; nor was it ever told our Lady Queen that this Messenger did ever blab aught concerning his high trust, as others had done in more special matters.

"Neither must it be forgotten how he once was sent with two charges of sack wine from Bath to my house, by my man Combe; and on his way the cordage did slacken; but my trusty bearer did now bear himself so wisely as to covertly hide one flasket in the rushes, and take the other in his teeth to the house; after which he went forth, and returned with the other part of his burden to dinner. Hereat your Highness may perhaps marvel and doubt, but we have living testimony of those who wrought in the fields and espied his work, and now live to tell they did much want to play the Dogge and give stowage to the wine themselves; but they did refrain, and watched the passing of the whole busines.

"I need not say how much I did once grieve at missing this Dogge; for on my journey towards London some idle pastimers did divert themselves with hunting mallards in a pond, and conveyed him to the Spanish Ambassador's, where, in a happy hour, after six weeks I did hear of him; but such was the court he did pay to the Don that he was no less in good liking there than at home. Nor did the household listen to my claim or challenge till I rested my suit on the Dogge's own proofs, and made him perform such feats before the Nobles assembled, as to put it past doubt that I was his master. I did send him to the hall in the time of dinner, and made him bring thence a pheasant out of the dish, which created much mirth; but much more when he returned at my commandment to the table again and put it again in the same cover. Herewith the company was well content to allow my claim, and we both were well content to accept it, and come homewards.

"I will now say in what manner he died. As we travelled towards Bath, he leaped on my horse's neck, and was more earnest in fawning and courting my notice than what I had observed for some time back, and after my chiding his disturbing my passing forwards, he gave me some glances of such affection as moved me to cajole him; but alas, he crept suddenly into a thorny brake, and died in a short time.

"Now let Ulysses praise his dogge Argus, or Tobit be led by that dogge whose name doth not appear, yet could I say such things of my Bungay, for so was he styled, as might shame them both, either for good faith, clear wit, or wonderful deeds; to say no more than I have said of his bearing letters to London and Greenwich more than an hundred miles.

"As I doubt not your Highness would love my Dogge, if not myself, I have been thus tedious in his story, and again say that of all the Dogges near your father's Court, not one hath more love, more diligence to please, or less pay for pleasing than him I write of; for verily a bone will content my servant, when some expect greater matters, or will knavishly find out a bone of contention.

"I now rest your Highness's friend in all service that may suit him."

"JOHN HARRINGTON.

"KELSTON,
"*June 14, 1608.*"

James V of Scotland. In his book on the dog, Jesse quotes a curious letter from James V of Scotland to the Archdeacon of the East Riding on the subject of his desire to procure bloodhounds trained to ride on the saddle behind a man. The King's mother, Queen Margaret, seemed equally interested in the quest for such dogs. Jesse says: "No doubt they were used for tracking marauders and were thus conveyed to a spot where the ground was hard when the dog could more successfully pick up the trail." As to how these dogs were trained to ride on the saddle remains a mystery.

King Charles was rarely seen without at least two of his famous spaniels. They have been written of by Pepys, in his diary, who says: "They were particularly favoured and had access to all parts of Whitehall even upon State occasions," and one writer says: "They were mete play-fellows for mincing mistresses." They were surely more than this, probably the only completely faithful favourites Charles had, and many a difficult and troublous hour was surely made less so by the companionship of these little spaniels.

James II was also very fond of these little dogs; several favourites accompanied him even during his naval engagements against the Dutch. On one occasion, when he was Duke of York, and went to fetch his Duchess from Edinburgh, he sailed in the *Gloucester*, which struck the Lemon and Ore Sands in Yarmouth Roads and sank, James only just escaping with his life. It has been said in connection with this incident that he insisted on saving his dogs, even though it meant endangering the lives of men.

Boye, Prince Rupert's dog, was supposed to have supernatural powers. We are told he went to church "most Popishly and cathedrally, being as attentive as one of us private Christians." He was a victim of war, being killed in battle at Marston Moor, where he had companioned his master.

Frederick the Great. It is recorded that his last words were those asking that a coverlet might be thrown over his favourite dog, who, like himself, was suffering from the effects of a chill caught at a great review, a chill which proved fatal.

It is interesting to find that many men, relentless in certain ways, had not only affection but consideration for their dog.

Napoleon. Many people seem to think that he was merely an ambitious and ruthless dictator knowing little sentiment, and that emotion was a stranger to him, but his account of finding a dog on the battlefield shows how wrong human judgment can be:

"In the deep silence of a moonlight night, a dog, leaping suddenly from the clothes of his dead master, rushed upon us, and then immediately returned to his hiding-place, howling piteously. He alternately licked his master's hand, and ran towards us; thus at once soliciting and seeking revenge. Whether owing to my own particular turn of mind at the moment, the time, the place, or the action itself, I know not, but certainly no incident on any field of battle ever produced so deep an impression on me: I involuntarily stopped to contemplate the scene. This man, thought I, perhaps has friends in the camp or in his company, and here he lies forsaken by all except his dog! What a lesson nature here presents through the medium of an animal! What a strange being is man! and how

mysterious are his impressions! I had without emotion ordered battles which were to decide the fate of the army; I had beheld with tearless eyes the execution of those operations by which numbers of my countrymen were sacrificed; and here my feelings were roused by the mournful howling of a dog! Certainly at that moment I could have been moved by a suppliant enemy. I could very well imagine Achilles surrendering up the body of Hector at the sight of Priam's tears."

Alexander Pope gave *Frederick, Prince of Wales*, a dog with these words engraved on his collar: "I am His Highness' dog at Kew; pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?"

Queen Victoria and *Prince Albert* had many dogs of all breeds. Her Majesty never seems to have been without a dog of some sort, and the first Pekinese brought into this country, *Looty*, was presented to her by General Dunne. Scotch terriers seem to have been her favourites. She would never allow her dogs to sleep away from home even for a night.

Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians had a little Griffon dog, *Win*, and this, with a pet Skipperke, were left in her will to the care of a favourite servant, with £2,000 for their care until their death.

Queen Alexandra had a favourite Peke with whom she was often photographed. Her Clumber spaniels were the best in England.

Edward VII's favourite dog was a wire-haired fox terrier, *Cæsar*. On his collar was inscribed, "I am Cæsar, the King's dog." One of the things I remember most vividly, perhaps, indeed, the most poignant incident about that impressive last journey, was the picture that remains of this little dog following behind the gun carriage on which the body of his royal master was borne.

Apart from these particular dogs that we know by name, kings and queens have had their special hunting dogs. No doubt among these were many favourites whose names have been lost.

King Alfred was a keen hunter at the age of twelve and doubtless had his favourite hounds.

We read in the Irish Laws A.D. 17, that water spaniels were accepted by the King in lieu of tribute money.

Edward the Confessor appears to have spent his time between Masses and hunting.

In the reign of Edward I, we find that "William de Foxhunte the King's foxhunter is to receive wages for himself and two grooms, keepers of the King's Foxhounds at the rate of 2*d.* a day for 366 days because it is Leap Year."

In the old documents we find many surnames such as John le Oterhunte, Richard Ferreter and John de Gaunt, from the glove worn in falconing.

King John kept an enormous number of hunting dogs, a pack of 240 greyhounds alone "to hunt fallow-deer in the Park of Knappe."

At the Coronation of Queen Eleanor, wife of Henry III, we read that the Earl of Arundel could not attend as cup-bearer because he had been excommunicated by the Archbishop of Canterbury for making off with some of that prelate's hounds.

James I was probably as fond of his hounds as anything that he had. He addressed those he cared for in the terms of dog names; Buckingham was his dog "Steenie" and the Queen "deare little beagle."

Marco Polo tells us of "*the Great Khan* who had two barons who were brothers, keepers of the mastiff dogs, each brother had 10,000 men and 5,000 dogs which go ahunting with the Prince."

IN HONOURABLE COMPANY

ONE OF THE MOST RENOWNED dogs in history and legend is *Bran*, Fingal's dog. He appears to have been invincible in combat and foremost in the chase. The proverbial reply of Maccombich in Scott's *Waverley*, "Mar e Bran is a braithair (if it be not Bran it is Bran's brother—as good as Bran)—this was the greatest possible compliment to pay either man or dog."

Dragon was the dog of Aubrey de Mondidier, who lived in 1371. This knight was the favourite of King Charles V and excited jealousy of other courtiers, in particular Count Macaire.

The valour, faithfulness and sagacity of this dog have often been recorded. A play which centralised his story was given at Covent Garden in 1814. From this play probably came the name "Dragon," for the dog's actual name is unknown.

When he and his master were one day travelling alone in the Forest of Bondy, Aubrey was attacked and murdered by Richard de Macaire, and this, in spite of a valiant defence given by the dog, who courageously fought to save his master's life, but all to no avail, for Macaire wore armour. The knight, after murdering his victim, buried him and then disappeared.

It is said that the dog, after keeping vigil for a night, made his way back to Paris, four miles distant, to the house of one of his master's friends. There he barked and howled, but though he was given food and drink, he failed to make his mission understood. Still nothing daunted, he went to several other houses which his master had frequented. He had the same reception and non-understanding of his visit, until, at last, he came to the house of one who thought there was more in Dragon's importunity than a desire for food, and so he followed the dog the four miles to the Forest of Bondy, where on a particular spot he began scratching with his paws. Then, with the combined effort of sword and paw, the body of Aubrey was revealed. But Macaire was still unpunished and the dog sought him relentlessly. When at last they met, this usually gentle dog made so savage an attack as to create suspicion. The dog's purposeful antagonism and the knight's evasive answers to interrogation gave rise to talk which came to the ears of the King, who ordered that the dog and knight should both be brought to his Court. Again the dog flew at the murderer, and the King decided that Dragon's dumb but fierce accusation should be followed up. He ordered a mortal combat between the two, which was witnessed by thousands, and took place at the Île Notre Dame. This time Macaire had no armour and was allowed only a cudgel; the dog had no weapon, but he was armed with his fierce hatred. Charles had decreed that a shelter should be allowed him in the shape of a barrel, which can be seen in the old print of the fight. Macaire raised the cudgel to crack the skull of the dog, but with one bound Dragon was

upon him, and, hurling the knight on his back, he fastened his teeth in the man's throat, being dragged off with difficulty. The knight, in terror, confessed his crime and was handed over to the executioner. Then only was Dragon satisfied.

Bevis was *Sir Henry Lee* of Ditchley's mastiff. This dog guarded well his master's house, but it is said that, in spite of good service, he received little favour. Being dog, this made little difference to his jealous guarding; he was ever alert and ready to protect his master with his life.

One night, Bevis came to Sir Henry's door and refused to go away; nothing could appease him until at last he was grudgingly allowed to enter. He immediately lay quietly under the bed, waiting and expectant.

Later, when Sir Henry was in a deep sleep, the door opened and his favourite valet entered. The dog immediately rushed upon him and pinned him to the floor, and it was soon proved that the trusted smooth-tongued Italian valet had intended to murder his master.

No one knows how and why Bevis alone was aware of this danger, but it is an undoubted truth that animals sense the presence of good or evil long before this travels to man's consciousness. Hate, fear, love are the most powerful emotions, and they must create an atmosphere which surrounds the person who feels them; man does not always recognise this, but dog is immediately aware of it.

No doubt Sir Henry felt remorse for the lack of affection and appreciation he had given this faithful servant. His changed attitude is evident to those who look at the picture which hangs at the family seat of Ditchley—a full-length portrait of Sir Henry with his hand on the dog's head and the words inscribed, "More faithful than favoured."

Sir Walter Scott writes that Bevis ever after was the constant companion of his master, even going with him to church, "... with the exception of an occasional temptation to warble along with the accord, he behaved himself as decorously as any of the congregation, and returned as much edified, perhaps, as most of them."

Diamond was *Sir Isaac Newton's* dog. Sir Isaac must have been

very sincerely devoted to his little dog Diamond, because we read that one winter's morning he upset a candle on his master's desk and thus destroyed papers containing the minutes of many years' experiments. When Newton discovered this catastrophe, he exclaimed, "Oh, Diamond, Diamond, thou little know'st the mischief thou hast done!" Apparently this was the only reprimand that Newton gave his little friend, for we are told that he at once set to work to repair the loss. A less intelligent man would have chastised the culprit for destroying papers of value, even though the dog could have no knowledge of their worth.

I often wonder if this grave man, who appears to have had little humour, laughed sometimes at and with Diamond, for it would seem impossible to possess a dog and not sometimes laugh.

Jonathan Swift gave the following lines to Mrs. Dingley to be inscribed on the collar of her lap-dog, *Tiger*:

"*Pray steal me not; I'm Mrs. Ding-lie's,*
Whose heart in this four-footed thing lies."

Horace Walpole had a favourite dog, *Patapan*. In a letter that he wrote to Sir Horace Mann and Mr. Chute, he said:

"Patapan is in my lap. I turn to Mr. Chute. My dear Sir, how I am obliged to you for your poem. Patapan is so vain with it, that he will read nothing else; I only offered him a Martial to compare it with the original, and the little coxcomb threw it into the fire, and told me he never heard of a lapdog reading Latin; that it was very well for the house-dogs and pointers that live in the country, and have several hours upon their hands: 'For my part,' said he

" '*I am so nice, who ever saw*
A Latin book on my sofa?
You'll find as soon a Bible there,
Or recipes for pastry ware.
This very thing of Mr. Chute's
Scarce with my taste and fancy suits,
Oh, had it but in French been writ,
'Twere the genteelest, sweetest bit!'

"My dear Sir, your translation shall stand foremost in the Patapaniana: I hope in time to have poems upon him, and sayings of his own, enough to make a notable book."

"THE TWO PATAPANS."

There is another letter of his which contains an account of *Tonton*. This was a dog whom a Miss Berry had left under his care, and the following is an extract from the letter:

"Tonton does not miss you so much as I do, not having so good a taste; for he is grown very fond of me, and I return it for your sakes, though he deserves it too, for he is perfectly good-natured and tractable; but he is not beautiful, like his 'god-dog,' as Mr. Selwyn, who dined here on Saturday, called my poor late favourite; especially as I have had him clipped. The shearing has brought to light a nose an ell long; and, as he has now nasum rhinocerotis (the nose of a rhinoceros) I do not doubt but he will be a better critic in poetry than Dr. Johnson, who judged of harmony by the principles of an author, and fancied, or wished to make others believe, that no Jacobite could write bad verses, nor a Whig good."

Dash. Charles Lamb writes of his dog with ironical humour, showing clearly that he thinks little of the way of a man with a dog:

"Excuse my anxiety, but how is Dash? I should have asked if Mrs. Patmore kept her rules, and was improving; but Dash came uppermost. The order of our thoughts should be the order of our writing. Goes he muzzled, or aperto ore? Are his intellects sound, or does he wander a little in his conversation? You cannot be too careful to watch the first symptoms of incoherence. The first illogical snarl he makes, to St. Luke's with him! All the dogs here are going mad, if you believe the overseers; but I protest they seem to me very rational and collected. But nothing is so deceitful as mad people, to those who are not used to them. Try him with hot water; if he won't lick it up it is a sign he does not like it. Does his tail wag horizontally, or perpendicularly? That has decided the fate of many dogs in Enfield. Is his general deportment cheerful? I mean when he is pleased—for otherwise there is no judging. You can't be too careful. Has he bit any of the children yet? If he has, have them

shot, and keep him for curiosity to see if it was the hydrophobia. They say all our Army in India had it at one time; but that was in Hyder-Ally's time. Do you get paunch for him? Take care the sheep was sane. You might pull out his teeth (if he would let you), and then you need not mind if he were as mad as a Bedlamite. It would be rather fun to see his odd ways. It might amuse Mrs. P—— and the children. They'd have more sense than he. He'd be like a fool kept in a family, to keep the household in good humour with their own understanding. You might teach him the mad dance set to the mad howl. Madge owlet would be nothing to him. 'My! how he capers!' . . . What I scratch out is a German quotation from Lessing, on the bite of rabid animals; but I remember you don't read German. But Mrs. P—— may, so I wish I had let it stand. The meaning in English is—'Avoid to approach an animal suspected of madness, as you would avoid fire or a precipice,' which I think is a sensible observation. The Germans are certainly profounder than we. If the slightest suspicion arises in your breast that all is not right with him, muzzle him and lead him in a string (common pack-thread will do—he don't care for twist) to Mr. Hood's, his quondam master, and he'll take him in at any time. You may mention your suspicion or not, as you like, or as you think, it may wound or not Mr. H's feelings. Hood, I knew, would wink at a few follies in Dash, in consideration of his former sense. Besides, Hood is deaf, and if you hinted anything, ten to one he would not hear you. Besides you will have discharged your conscience, and laid the child at the right door, as they say. . . .

"Let us hear from you respecting Mrs. P's régime. I send my love in a—to Dash.

"C. LAMB."

Pomero (a little Pomeranian) was *Landor's* confidant and delight.

Sir Sidney Colvin wrote of these two friends:

"With 'Pomero,' Landor would prattle in English and Italian as affectionately as a mother with a child. Pomero was his darling, the wisest and most beautiful of his race; Pomero had the brightest eyes and the most wonderful yaller tail ever

seen. Sometimes it was Landor's humour to quote Pomero in speech and writing as a kind of sagacious elder brother whose opinion had to be consulted on all subjects before he would deliver his own. This creature accompanied his master wherever he went, barking 'not fiercely but familiarly' at friend and stranger, and when they came in would either station himself upon his master's head to watch the people passing in the street, or else lie curled up in his basket until Landor, in talk with some visitor, began to laugh, and his laugh to grow and grow, when Pomero would spring up and leap upon and fume about him, barking and screaming for sympathy until the whole street resounded. The two together, master and dog, were for years to be encountered daily on their walks about Bath and its vicinity, and there are many who perfectly well remember them; the majestic old man, looking not a whit the less impressive for his rusty and dusty brown suit, his bulging boots, his rumpled linen, or his battered hat; and his noisy, soft-haired, quick-glancing, inseparable companion."

Landor wrote to one of his sisters: "Dogs are blessings, true blessings. Pomero, who sends his love, is the comfort of my solitude and the delight of my life. He is quite a public character here in Bath. Everybody knows him and salutes him. He barks aloud at all familiarly, not fiercely. He takes equal liberties with his fellow-creatures, if indeed dogs are more his fellow-creatures than I am. I think it was St. Francis de Sales who called birds and quadrupeds his sisters and brothers. Few saints have been so good-tempered, and not many so wise."

To Forster he writes: "Pomero was on my knee when your letter came. . . . I dare not take him with me to London. He would most certainly be stolen, and I would rather lose Ipsley or Llanthony. The people of the house love him like a child, and declare he is as sensible as a Christian. He not only is as sensible, but much more Christian than some of those who have lately brought strife and contention into the Church."

Again: "Pomero is sitting in a state of contemplation, with his nose before the fire. He twinkles his ears and his feathery tail at your salutation. . . . The easterly wind has an evident effect upon his nerves. Last evening I took him to hear Luisina

de Sodre play and sing. She is my friend the Countess de Molande's granddaughter and daughter of De Sodre, Minister of Brazil to the Pope a few years ago. Pomero was deeply affected, and lay close to the pedal on her gown, singing in a great variety of tones, not always in time. It is unfortunate that he always will take a part where there is music, for he sings even worse than I do."

Landor was eighty-one when he again wrote to Forster: "Pomero, dear Pomero, died this evening at about four o'clock. I have been able to think of nothing else."

A few days later he wrote: "Everybody in this house grieves for Pomero. The cat lies day and night upon his grave, and I will not disturb the kind creature, though I want to plant some violets upon it, and to have his epitaph placed around his little urn:

> "*O urna! nunquam sis tuo eruta hortulo:*
> *Cor intus est fidele, nam cor est canis.*
> *Vale, hortule! aeternumque, Pomero! vale.*
> *Sed, si datur, nostri memor.*"

Miss Mitford sent the following letter to Sir William Elford, after the death of her greyhound, *Marmion*:

"BERTRAM HOUSE.

"*October, 1814.*

"Oh, my dear, dear Sir William, when you so kindly talked of my poor Marmion, you never dreamed that I had been crying three days together for his loss! After distinguishing himself more than ever last year, both here and in Hampshire—after being my companion and playmate, and winding himself into my heart all the summer—in the very prime of his life, and height of his beauty, he caught the distemper, and died within a fortnight.

"You may well believe he did not die for want of nursing; and so much did the care and attention I showed him, and his sweet gratitude and patience, endear him to me, that I am sure I should not have grieved half so much had he died the first day of his illness, as I did on the last. But everybody loved him.

Every creature in the house cried when he died—papa inclusive—though I believe papa's grief was rather of a compound nature, a great deal for our dear Marmion, a great deal for me, and a little for the loss of the Ilsley cup. . . .

"M. R. MITFORD."

Miss Mitford also wrote to her friend, Miss Jephson, about the painting of her dog *Dash* by Edmund Havell:

"THREE MILE CROSS.

"*June 19, 1836.*

"A very clever young artist, Edmund Havell, whose talent in painting animals is really extraordinary, has been (and is) taking a likeness of Dash as large as life. Dash understands the affair, and makes an excellent sitter—very grave and dignified, and a little conscious—peeping stealthily at the portrait, as if afraid of being thought vain if he looked at it too long.

"Edwin Landseer has a fine Newfoundland dog, whom he has often painted, and who is content to maintain his posture as long as his master keeps his palette in his hand, however long that may be; but the moment the palette is laid down, off darts Neptune, and will sit no more that day. Tell Mrs. Price this, if you see her—I mean about Dash's portrait.

"Ever yours,

"M. R. MITFORD."

Nero, Jane Welsh Carlisle's little dog, is described by Carlisle as a little white mongrel Maltese.

She wrote to Forster: "O Lord! I forgot to tell you I have got a little dog, and Mr. C. has accepted it with an amiability! To be sure, when he comes down gloomy in the morning, or comes in wearied from his walk, the infatuated little beast dances round him on his hind-legs as I ought to do and can't: and he feels flattered and surprised by such unwonted capers to his honour and glory."

Carlisle said of Nero: "We had many walks together, he and I, for the next ten years; a great deal of small traffic, poor little animal, so loyal, so loving, so naïve and true with what of dim intellect he had! . . ."

The note continues: "Poor Nero's last good days were with

us at Aberdour, in 1859. Twice or thrice I flung him into the sea there, which he didn't at all like: and in consequence of which he even ceased to follow me at bathing time, the very strongest measure he could take—or pretend to take. For two or three mornings accordingly I had seen nothing of Nero, but the third or fourth morning, on striking out to swim a few yards, I heard gradually a kind of swashing behind me; looking back, it was Nero out on voluntary humble partnership—ready to swim with me to Edinburgh, or to the world's end, if I liked. . . .

"Alas a butcher's cart ran over him, neck and lungs: all winter he wheezed and suffered; Feb. 1st, 1860, he died (the doctor obliged at last!) I could not have believed my grief then and since would have been the twentieth part of what it was—nay, that the want of him would have been to me other than a riddance. Our last midnight walk together (for he insisted on trying to come), Jan. 31st, is still painful to my thought. 'Little dim, white speck, of Life, of Love, Fidelity, and Feeling, girdled by the Darkness as of Night Eternal!' Her [Jane's] tears were think, the first day. Top of the garden, by her direction, Nero passionate and bitter, but repressed themselves, as was fit, I was put underground. A small stone tablet with date she also got, which, broken by careless servants, is still there—a little protected now."

Again two very different characters, both personalities, found comfort and companionship with a little dog.

Charles Dickens' letters are full of references to his dogs. He was very attached to his daughter Maimie's white Pomeranian named *Mrs. Bouncer*, so-called after the celebrated lady of that name in *Box and Cox*.

When *Parnell* was dying, he asked that his dog *Grouse* should be brought to him. "Bring Grouse to me and let him lie so that I may see him." And thus solace and comfort were brought to the man who was passing through the shadowed valley; perhaps he felt for his dog as another has felt for a human friend. "Let my eyes shut on your face and the wings of my soul bear its memory with me so that I shall not go forth alone."

Aryans believed that the dog travelled with the departing soul on its last journey as companion and guardian. It was their

custom that the dog should be brought to the dying person for comfort, the sight of him being a reminder that the company of the dog would be granted to him in order to prevent loneliness on his unknown journey.

When I think of Parnell, I think of many others who likewise have felt the need of their dogs when they came to the lonely road—the friendly wagging tail, the shining eyes to give a "Hail" and cheery "Farewell."

It was to one such—a man who was compelled by evil chance continually to lie on his back, that I gave one of the little King Charles' spaniels we used in the play, *Royal Baggage*.

"I don't care for little dogs," he said. "However I'll look after him." But I knew what that little dog could and would give to the man, and I was not mistaken. The man and dog soon became inseparable, neither content without the other. Then when it came to my friend's last "Good night," he, like Parnell, asked that the dog should be brought to him. "And if he is not afraid, put him on my knees," The little spaniel was not afraid and the man passed through the dark passage with his hand on the soft silky head—unafraid, companioned to the last.

Nurse Cavell loved her dogs, though they did not come into her life as friends until she had been nursing for some years in Belgium. This was not from choice, but owing to the fact that her parents did not care much for dogs and that her hospital duties precluded her from keeping any herself. But there was nothing she enjoyed more on her off-duty days than to take a friend's dog for a walk. A note-book was found in her room after her death, in which she had written about them, giving particulars of exercise, food, quarters, grooming, etc., and also had made interesting drawings. There is something of a surprise in finding she had this gift, and one wonders if there are other examples of her work. I should think the notes and drawings were certainly made in order that those who might have to look after her friend and guard should possess that extra knowledge which counts. Through her extract on the watch-dog, I think she must have wished to impress upon any reader the value of a dog, for in those days of stress and danger that which was not accounted of value—indeed, almost of necessity—was discarded.

Her notes show that she undoubtedly looked upon dog as guard as well as friend; she mentions that he is an infinitely better watch-dog when kept unchained, for a chained dog barks at every visitor, but a companion dog soon learns to discriminate between friend and foe.

Don and *Jack* were her invariable companions, she fed, groomed and took them for walks herself. Don died before the outbreak of war, Jack lived nearly eight years after her death and was about fourteen when he died. He was a mongrel, having something of the wolf-hound, but more of the sheep dog, in his appearance.

During her imprisonment, we know that she talked much of her "dear old Jack." In one of her last letters she wrote: "My dear old Jack, please brush him sometimes and look after him." Her anxiety that he should be well looked after was constantly shown in her letters, but Jack had to suffer, and not only the loss of his mistress, but confinement in a damp stable which for a time made him dangerously savage. He may have been kicked in by those who felt him not worth a bullet; on the other hand, he may have been hidden by one of the nurses who wished to preserve his life. It is certain that more than one German soldier would have reason to hate him, for Jack would never have looked on inactive while his mistress was seized and taken away. "Jack, my guard" would certainly have stood by her to the last.

It was the Duchess of Croy who rescued him and took him home. It is good to know that he became attached and loving to his new mistress, friendly with other dogs and happy to play in the garden with the little toy spaniels who were now his companions, but he always remained suspicious of strangers. He could not forget that they had thrown him into a dark place, where he had lacked food, drink and "outs" and, worst of all, they had taken away his mistress to some place that he could not find.

Maeterlinck. Among the many things I am grateful to this author for writing is the book, *My Dog.* It is a tribute to all dogs, inspired by one dog in particular. The desire to express appreciation of a faithful friend has been responsible for many

poignant poems and books on dogs, and will continue to be a source of inspiration till man, dog, "the great globe itself—yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve and leave not a wrack behind."

In his book, Maeterlinck writes with an understanding of dog and man, and an originality of thought that is always to be found in his work. We need the help of the poet's clear vision to see that which is beside us, to feel that which is about us, to hear the cry which reveals:

"We are alone, absolutely alone, on this chance planet; and, amid all the forms of life that surround us, not one, excepting the dog, has made an alliance with us. A few creatures fear us, most are unaware of us. In the world of plants, we have dumb and motionless slaves; but they serve us in spite of themselves. They simply endure our laws and our yoke. They are impotent prisoners, victims incapable of escaping. . . . The rose and the corn, had they wings, would fly at our approach like the birds. Among the animals, we number a few servants who have submitted only through indifference, cowardice, stupidity and fear. . . . They are unaware of our life, our death, our departure, our return, our sadness, our joy, our smile . . . when they look at us, it is with distrustful bewilderment . . . or with the dull stupor of the ruminants, who look upon us as a momentary and useless accident of the pasture. . . . Now, in this indifference and this total want of comprehension amid which all that surrounds us lives; where exist among created things no other relations than those of executioners and victims, eaters and eaten . . . where not the smallest sympathy has ever made a conscious leap from one species to another, one animal alone, among all that breathes upon the earth, has succeeded in breaking through the prophetic circle, in escaping from itself to come bounding towards us, in definitely crossing the enormous zone of darkness, ice, and silence that isolates each category of existence in nature's unintelligible plan. This animal, our good familiar dog, simple and unsurprising as may to-day appear to us what he has done, in thus perceptibly drawing nearer to a world in which he was not born, and for which he was not destined, has nevertheless performed one of the most unusual

and improbable acts that we can find in the general history of life. When was this recognition of man by beast, this extraordinary passage from darkness to light effected? . . . So far as our human annals stretch, he is at our side, as at present. . . . We have not to gain his confidence or his friendship: he is born our friend; . . . he has given himself to man. But the word 'friend' does not exactly depict his affectionate worship. He loves us and reveres us as though we had drawn him out of nothing. He is, before all, our creature full of gratitude and more devoted than the apple of our eye. He is our intimate and impassioned slave, whom nothing discourages, whom nothing repels, whose ardent trust and love nothing can impair. . . . With a certainty, an unconstraint and a simplicity that surprise us a little, deeming us better and more powerful than all that exists, he betrays, for our benefit, the whole of the animal kingdom to which he belongs and, without scruple, denies his race, his kin, his mother and even his young. . . . It is sweet to establish that, at least in appearance, there is, on the planet where, like disowned kings, we live in solitary state, a being that loves us. . . . The dog is the only living being that has found and recognizes an indubitable, tangible, unexceptionable and definite god."

Mark Twain says: "If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous, he will not bite you. That is the principal difference between a dog and a man."

Jerome K. Jerome writes: "They are superior to human beings as companions. They do not quarrel or argue with you. They never talk about themselves but listen to you while you talk about yourself, and keep up an appearance of being interested in the conversation. They never make stupid remarks. . . . And they never ask a young author with fourteen tragedies, sixteen comedies, seven farces, and couple of burlesques in his desk, why he doesn't write a play. They never say unkind things. They never tell us our faults, 'merely for our own good.' They do not at inconvenient moments mildly remind us of our past follies and mistakes. . . . They never inform us, like our inamoratas sometimes do, that we are not nearly as nice as we used to be. We are always the same to them. He is very impru-

dent, a dog is. He never makes it his business to inquire whether you are in the right or in the wrong, never bothers as to whether you are going up or down upon life's ladder, never asks whether you are rich or poor, silly or wise, sinner or saint. You are his pal. That is enough for him, and come luck or misfortune, good repute or bad, honour or shame, he is going to stick to you, to comfort you, guard you, give his life for you, if need be—foolish, brainless, soulless dog!"

E. V. Lucas wrote: "Many dogs have been the consolers of genius."

Senator George Graham Vost, counsel for the defence in a famous case about a dog in the States, when addressing the Jury, said: "The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him, and become his enemy. His son and daughter that he has reared with loving care may become ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him when he may need it most. Man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees and do us honour when success is with us, may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads.

"The one absolutely unselfish friend a man may have in this selfish world, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is the dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and poverty, in health and in sickness. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He will sleep on the cold ground when the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince.

"When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard him against danger, to fight

against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes his master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there, by his graveside, will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, and his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true, even unto death."

Sir Neville Henderson, in a book he has written as a tribute to *Hippy* his dog, writes of him: "A million pounds down in cash would literally not have bought him; and there was far more to it than that. . . . Hippy came into my existence just when I had lost my mother and my home, or, in other words, what I cared for most in the world; and more than anybody or anything else he, as my constant companion, helped to tide me over and to compensate me for those two great sorrows. . . .

"For nine years and more he was part of my life and a very big part of it, and when he died something went out of it which I know that I can never find again. None can ever take his place and I can hardly conceive of another life unless Hippy be waiting there to share it with me. There is only one true epitaph for him. He was a very great sportsman and a very loyal and courteous gentleman and the best of all good companions."

Socrates' favourite pledge was to swear by the dog.

The *French* have a saying: "*Plus je vois les hommes, plus j'admire les chiens*," which has become popular with us.

Alexandre Dumas writes: "Dogs are candidates for humanity, having many of its virtues and few of its vices."

The *Japanese* have a proverb: "Feed a dog for three days and he will remember your kindness for three years. Feed a cat for three years and she will forget your kindness in three days."

The *Chinese* say: "If you would have the eye of a dog, you must have the heart of a god."

IN EXALTED COMPANY

"*Oh kindly muse, let not*
My weak tongue falter
In telling of this goodly company."
ENDYMION.

MANY POETS HAVE FOUND companionship and understanding with a dog. There seems no breed that has not stirred him to verse, just as there is no type of dog that does not leave his owner forlorn when he passes.

There is a translation of a *Greek epitaph* by Maurice Hewlett:

"*Bat lies here*
Scorn not the stone, nor pinch of dust
It covers, nor the tears she shed
Who buried here both love and trust,
Things to make fragrant any dead."

And a poet wrote in the dusty past of a *Maltese dog*:

"Here the stone says it holds the white dog from Melita, the most faithful guardian of Eumeleus; *Bull* they called him while he was yet alive; but now his voice is prisoned in the silent pathways of night."

The poet, law-giver, *Zarathrustra*, evidently had great feeling for dogs. He appears to have regarded him as the peculiar gift of the Good Creator to man.

Chaucer frequently referred to dogs in his poetry:

"*Of smalle houndes hadde she, that she fedde*

But sore wept she if on of them were dede,
Or if men smote it with a yerde smert,
And all was conscience and tendre heart."

Robert Herrick wrote four lines to his spaniel *Tracie* to express his gratitude and love:

> "*Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see,*
> *For shape and service, Spaniel like to thee.*
> *This shall my love doe, give thy sad death one*
> *Teare, that deserves of me a million.*"

A lady wrote of her dog in 1669:

> "*This Dog hath so himself subdued,*
> *That hunger cannot make him rude:*
> *And his behaviour doth confess*
> *True courage dwells with gentleness.*
>
> "*Few men to do such noble deeds have learned*
> *Nor having done, could look so unconcerned.*"

Alexander Pope loved his dog *Bounce.* She was a Great Dane and was a present from the Prince of Wales, and she wore a silver collar. Pope always took her out with him when people threatened to "beat him up." When she died, Pope said he would like to have inscribed "Oh, rare Bounce," on a tombstone, but did not do so because he feared it would be thought disrespectful to that other "Bounce"—Ben Jonson.

Admiral Collingwood also had a dog called *Bounce*—a Newfoundland. This dog was on the *Royal Sovereign* at the Battle of Trafalgar with his master.

Goldsmith wrote: "The dog is the only animal that leaves his own species to take up his abode with man."

William Cowper's spaniel, *Beau*, was the hero of his poem, "The Dog and the Water-lily."

The following is an extract from a letter written to his cousin on June 27th, 1788:

"I must tell you a feat of my dog Beau. Walking by the riverside, I observed some water-lilies floating at a little distance from the bank. They are a large white flower, with an

orange coloured eye, very beautiful. I had a desire to gather one, and, having your long cane in my hand, by the help of it endeavoured to bring one of them within my reach. But the attempt proved vain, and I walked forward. Beau had all the while observed me attentively. Returning soon after toward the same place, I observed him plunge into the river, while I was about forty yards distance from him, and, when I had nearly reached the spot, he swam to land with a lily in his mouth, which he came and laid at my foot."

George Crabbe, writing of the fidelity of the dog, said:

"*With eye upraised, his master's looks to scan,*
The joy, the solace, and the aid of man;
The rich man's guardian, and the poor man's friend,
The only creature faithful to the end."

He also writes of a particular dog named *Fang*:

"*There watched before the miser's gate,*
A very cur, whom all men seemed to hate,
Quaint, savage, shaggy, with an eye that shone
Like a live coal, and he possessed but one,

.

His master prized him much. His name was Fang."

Robert Burns described *Luath*, a Scotch collie:

"*He was a gash and faithfu' tyke*
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
His honest, sonsie, bawsint face,
Aye gat him friends in ilka place.
His breast was white, his towzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black.
His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung ower his hurdies wi' a swurl."

And this verse shows not only his pride and love of his dog, but could not be bettered as a description of the collie.

Hogg wrote "To Hector" (his old dog):

"Come my auld towsy trusty friend,
What gars ye look sae dung wi wae?
D'ye think my favours at an end,
Because thy head is turning gray?

"Although thy strength begins to fail,
It's best was spent in serving me,
An' can I grudge thy wee bit meal,
Some comfort in thy age to gie?

"For He who fed the ravens young
Let's naething pass He dis na see;
He'll judge o' right an wrang,
An' aye provide for you an me."

Sir Walter Scott's Maida. Sir Walter had many dogs, but Maida, his deerhound, was certainly the one who had the largest share of his heart. Maida's father was a Pyrenean dog and his mother a Glengarry deerhound. He wrote of Maida under the name of "Beevis" in *Woodstock.* In Lockhart's *Life of Scott,* he is described as being Sir Walter's faithful friend and servant, the noblest and most celebrated of all his dogs. His tracks were often thought to be those of some wild animal.

Scott wrote of him: "Maida, my great dog, had his portrait painted so often that he used to get up and walk away whenever he saw an artist take out his palette and brushes. When he wanted to go out, he used to thump upon the door with his huge paw as violently as ever a fashionable footman handled a knocker in Grosvenor Square."

The following is another extract of a letter written to Daniel Terry, the first part is concerned with a little puppy that had been sent him by Mr. St. Aubyn. The letter then goes on to say: "Maida, has been sitting at Mr. Blore's instance to Mr. Nasmyth, who admires him very much. I was obliged to attend the sittings myself, for the subject though regularly supplied with a cold beef bone was apt to grow impatient."

In one of Sir Walter's letters to his son, written from Abbotsford, October 22nd, 1824, he writes: "Old Maida died quietly

in his straw, last week, after a good supper, which, considering his weak state was rather a deliverance. He is buried at the gate of Abbotsford beneath his monument upon which the following epitaph is engraved:

"'*Maidae Marmorea dormis sub imagine Maida,*
Ad januam domini sit tibi terra levis.'

"Thus Englished by an eminent hand—

"'*Beneath the sculptured form which late you wore,*
Sleep soundly, Maida, at your master's door.'"

Sir Walter was very fond of Dandie Dinmonts and kept up the breed till the day of his death. A fine picture of one of his favourite Dandies is at Abbotsford.

He had also two favourite wolf-hounds. He said of them: "There is no occupation for them as there is only one wolf near, and that is confined in a menagerie!"

Hallam wrote of Sir Walter Scott and his dogs:

"*For there an old man sat serene,*

.

It was a comfort too, to see
Those dogs that from him ne'er would rove,
And always eyed him reverently
With glances of depending love.
They know not of the eminence
Which marks him to my reasoning sense;
They know but that he is a man,
And still to them is kind, and glads them all he can.

"*What joy to watch in lower creature,*
Such dawning of a moral nature,
And how (the rule all things obey),
They look to a higher mind to be their law and stay."

Byron's favourite dog was *Boatswain.* The poet wrote an epitaph on him, and he was buried in the garden of Newstead Abbey. Inscribed on his monument are these words:

"Near this spot
Are deposited the Remains
of one
Who possessed Beauty
Without Vanity,
Strength without Insolence,
Courage without Ferocity,
And all the Virtues of Man
Without his Vices."

"When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below.
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been.
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonoured falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth—
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven. . . .
Ye, who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honors none you wish to mourn.
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one—and here he lies."

Godfrey Elton's poem on his dog is one of my favourites:

"Now that my little dog is dead,
The endless winds blow over his head. . . .
I can see him lying—three foot deep—
He is sleeping now as he used to sleep,
He is lying now as he used to lie
With his four paws stretched so patiently. . . .
Somewhere, somehow we'll meet again
And go long rambles in the rain."

Matthew Arnold's favourite dogs must certainly have been dachshunds. There are poems about five of these, *Rover*, *Toss*, *Geist*, *Max* and *Kaiser*. Geist and Kaiser were particularly favoured. The extracts show something of the affection the poet must have felt for these friends of his. He wrote of *Geist*:

"Four years!—and didst thou stay above
The ground which hides thee now but four?
And all that life, and all that love,
Were crowded, Geist! into no more?

"Yes, only four!—and not the course
Of all the centuries to come,
And not the infinite resource
Of nature, with her countless sum

"Of figures, with her fulness vast
Of new creation evermore,
Can ever quite repeat the past,
Or just thy little self restore.

"We stroke thy broad, brown paws again,
We bid thee to thy vacant chair,
We greet thee by the window-pane,
We hear thy scuffle on the stair;

"We see the flaps of thy large ears
Quick raised to ask which way we go;
Crossing the frozen lake appears
Thy small black figure on the snow!

"Yet fondly zealous for thy fame,
Even to a date beyond thine own
We strive to carry down thy name,
By mounded turf and graven stone.

"We lay thee, close within our reach,
Here, where the grass is smooth and warm,
Between the holly and the beech,
Where oft we watched thy couchant form.

"*Then some, who through the garden pass,*
When we, too, like thyself are clay,
Shall see thy grave upon the grass,
And stop before the stone, and say—

" '*People who lived here long ago*
Did by this stone, it seems, intend
To name for future times to know
The dachshund—Geist, their little friend.' "

Kaiser's energies and loss were mourned in "Kaiser's Dead":

"*But all those virtues, which commend*
The humbler sort who serve and tend,
Were thine in store, thou faithful friend.
What sense, what cheer!
To us, declining tow'rds our end,
A mate how dear!"

Mrs. Browning's Flush remains one of the dogs whose name and personality has lived on. There is no doubt that he helped her failing spirit in a very true sense. He was a present from Miss Mitford.

"*Other dogs in thymy dew*
Tracked the hares and followed through
Sunny moor or meadow.
This dog only crept and crept,
Next a languid cheek that slept
Sharing in the shadow."

Sir William Watson wrote an epitaph to his favourite dog:

"*His friends he loved. His fellest earthly foes—*
Cats—I believe he did but feign to hate.
My hand will miss the insinuated nose,
Mine eyes the tail that wagg'd contempt at Fate."

R. L. Stevenson gives us this touching epitaph:

"*He is not dead, this friend, not dead,*
But in this path we mortals tread
Gone some few trifling steps ahead."

Barry Cornwall wrote of his bloodhound, *Herod*:

"*What Herod, old hound! Dost remember the day*
When I fronted the wolves like a stag at bay?
When downward they gallopped to where we stood,
Whilst I staggered with fear in the dark pine wood?
Dost remember their howlings? Their horrible speed?
God! God! how I prayed for a friend in need!
And—he came! Ah! 'twas then, my dear Herod, I found
That the best of all friends was my bold bloodhound!"

From *Paladan Miller*, the Danish poet, we have the following:

"*The brute's life now shaded in gloom*
Will it not be revived where all gloom is banished?
The faithful dog which died on the grave of his master,
Will he not meet again the man he loved so truly?
'Tis the thought of consolation the faith to which we cling,
That all we here have lost we surely regain yonder.
The husk of the seed may perish—
The living grain survives."

Southey wrote lines on his favourite spaniel:

"*Ah! poor companion! when thou followedst last*
Thy master's parting footsteps to the gate,
Which closed for ever on him, thou didst lose
Thy truest friend, and none was left to plead
For the old age of brute fidelity."

Stephen Foster speaks affectionately of *Tray*:

"*Old dog Tray's ever faithful;*
Grief cannot drive him away;
He is gentle, he is kind—
I shall never, never find
A better friend than old dog Tray!"

Edith Wharton wrote of her dog:

"*My little old dog—*
A heart beat
At my feet."

Conan Doyle gives *Carlo* this tribute:

"*No truer, kinder soul*
Was ever sped than thine.
You lived without a growl,
You died without a whine."

R. E. Vernede wrote on the death of his favourite sheep dog:

"*We have known friends who living passed away,*
Your faith no man could turn, no passion kill;
Even when Death called, you would scarce obey
Until you knew our will.

.

Lord! There'll be deaf angels when we meet—
And you leap up and bark!"

I am not aware who is the author of this touching little verse written in memory of a dog:

"*Good-bye. May he who next shall own*
My garden spare this tiny stone . . .
When, in turn, the dark
Shall glaze my eyes, your joyous bark
Will greet me, echoing to the sky.
Till then, dear loving heart, good-bye."

HIS PUSH INTO PAINT

PRIMITIVE MAN CUT DOGS' effigies upon stone probably with an axe head. We see drawings in caves of the Palæolithic Era, showing a hunting scene. These drawings must be at least some 50,000 years old. We see him often in the Assyrian sculptured pictures.

He pushed his way into paint from very early times. It is very interesting and illuminating to go through the famous galleries and note how often the dog appears. It is obvious that many of the early artists felt that certain religious as well as hunting scenes could not be faithfully represented without him. *Pisanello* (1390–1455), the Italian artist, obviously felt this when he painted St. Eustace, who is hunting with his dogs when he sees his vision. Also it is apparent in *Verrocchio's* (1435–88) "Tobias and the Angels" in the National Gallery. The interest of the picture is increased by the inclusion of the little curly white dog. *Cosimo di Piero* (1462–1521), in his "Death of Procris," employs a large brown dog to mourn with dog-like devotion. *Castiglione* (1716) painted Dalmatians, exactly like those we see to-day. That great artist *Titian* (1478–1576) painted Charles V with his dog. The German artist, *Albrecht Dürer* (1471–1528), in his picture, "St. Jerome in his Study," painted a small dog curled beside the lion to emphasise the meaning of his work. The Flemish artist, *Van Dyck* (1599–1641), gave us the King Charles spaniel, probably because the little dog was a Court favourite. The taste of the day is the open purse of the day, and artists must live. The Spanish painter, *Velasquez* (1599–1660), included dogs and painted Philip IV with his favourite dog. *Jan Steen* (1626–79), the Dutch artist, usually painted a little black-and-white dog which was probably his own, because the same little dog is in so many of his pictures. *Adrian van Ostade* (1610–85) was very fond of painting a dog and child playing together. Perhaps the French artist *Desportes* (1661–1743), was one of the first to paint portraits of dogs, particularly Louis IV's dogs. *Decamps* (1803–60) also painted portraits of

individual dogs. Everybody knows *Hogarth's* (1697–1764) favourite mongrel dog, "Trump," who appears in his famous self-portrait and in many other of his pictures. With Hogarth's accessories, his dogs help to emphasise the general idea or even moral of the picture. Thus in the room where the "Marriage *à la Mode*" is being arranged, there are two dogs who show resentment at being coupled together. *Gainsborough's* (1727–88) dogs are usually following country carts or guiding sheep, but they do also appear in some of his portraits. There is a delightful picture of the third Duke of Buccleuch with his hands clasped round a rough-haired Scotch terrier, which is seated on his knee. When Gainsborough had had a little tiff with his wife, he used to write a note apologising signed "Fox," the name of his favourite dog, while her dog's name "Tristram" signed the pardoning reply. *Morland* (1763–1804) used dogs in most of his country scenes, but they do not seem to be of any particular breed.

The dog is most frequently to be found, as might be expected, in the work of the British and Dutch masters. Some artists of the great schools of painting included him because they felt their subjects required his presence; other artists painted him obviously for his own sake, and some dogs have pushed their way on to canvas because their owners insisted.

There is no record of the character or history of the animals painted by these earlier artists save that which speaks from the pictures, but when we come to the Victorian Era it is different. We know something of the individual dogs that were chosen by Landseer and his contemporaries.

Landseer was perhaps the most prolific painter of dogs we have had. So associated was his name with the painting of dogs that when Lady Holland urged Sydney Smith to sit for Landseer the wit replied, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" Also, at a Court ball at which Landseer was presented to the King of Portugal, he was greeted with: "Oh, Mr. Landseer, I am delighted to make your acquaintance—I am so fond of beasts!"

The Times described him as "the Shakespeare of the world of dogs." Rosa Bonheur spoke of him as "the Poet Painter of

Animals." Sir Walter Scott wrote in his diary: "Landseer's dogs were the most magnificent things I ever saw—leaping and bounding, and grinning on the canvas." The *Daily News* printed an appreciation which said: "He is not only the best animal painter who ever lived, but he is of a different order from any of his predecessors in the department of art. Where others have given us the form, substance and action of the animals, with even the masterly handling of Rubens and Snyders, Landseer has disclosed to us the instincts of their nature, the incidents of their experience, and the history of their lives."

He was so proud of the detailed treatment of his subject that he would ask his artist friends to use a magnifying glass to examine the hairs of a dog or the eyes of a bird. His friends would often chaff him about his meticulous realism, and D'Orsay, when he went to see Landseer, would call out: "Keep your painted dogs off me. I want to come in, and some of them will bite me: that fellow in the centre is growling furiously. Take the thorn out of that dog's foot. Do you not see the pain he is in?"

Landseer founded a new school of animal painting with his sentiment and humour. He not only had the gift of the artist, but a very real knowledge and love of animals, and his power over dogs was well-known. It was probably when painting Dash, the Duchess of Kent's favourite spaniel, that he grew into favour with the young Princess Victoria, a favour which was responsible for much of his great popularity, and also much of his happiness.

After Victoria had become Queen, she once asked him how he was able to brush into his pictures the individual character of a dog, and even apparently to read the animal's thoughts. "By peeping into their hearts, ma'am," he said.

It is evident that little Dash was a particular favourite, for a marble monument was erected to him on the slopes of Windsor Castle, where a similar tribute stands to the memory of Eos, Prince Albert's favourite greyhound, also painted by Landseer.

My own favourite among his many pictures is "The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner," and this choice seems to be shared by many others. Ruskin particularly praised this work, and at

the base of the sculptured slab which is let into the side wall of one of the window recesses in the crypt of St. Paul's is a high relief of this picture.

Two of his most famous dog models he first saw walking in the street. One, an Alpine mastiff, was 6 feet 4 inches in length and nearly 3 feet in height, the largest dog of its kind in England. He came directly from the famous Hospice of St. Bernard, and it is said that he had saved many lives. This dog continued with his humane work even in England: soon after his arrival he saved a woman from drowning. All this probably inspired the artist to give the spirit of faithful service which is conveyed in the picture.

Later he met a magnificent Newfoundland carrying a basket of gaily-coloured flowers. He was so impressed with the appearance of the dog that he at once decided that here was the model for his next picture. The Newfoundland, though very gentle, and a tractable sitter, knew how to resent insult. A bargee, prodding him with an oar while walking on the canal side, had it seized and was himself jerked into the water. After delivering the lesson, he pulled the man out! This dog was the subject of one of Landseer's most popular paintings, "A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society." When Samuel Rogers the poet first saw the picture, he said: "Same old story; but the ring's good." Later he evidently regretted this cynical criticism, and tried to mollify it by belated praise; but, as ever, the poison of the barbed remark remains, the antidote of appreciation lost.

The cruelty that man is continually wielding against animals often stirred Landseer to protest. He was very averse to chaining dogs and said that it either sent them mad, made them dangerously savage or shortened their lives to a very considerable extent.

Landseer had many dogs. One of these, when he wanted his walk, used to bring his master's hat and lay it at his feet. One day the artist hung up one of his gloves on the bough of a tree, then walked on for a quarter of a mile and, calling the dog, showed his two hands, one ungloved. He gave no order, but the dog went back and returned in a few minutes with the missing glove. Probably, of all his dogs, he loved best Brutus, a

rough-haired white terrier. He said himself that he never got over the loss of this friend, and refused to fill the vacant place. He had many other dogs, but none that he admitted to the close friendship that he shared with Brutus.

Edwin Douglas painted all types of dogs. One of his most famous models was the deerhound, Rhyme. She had to her credit a sequence of honours which has never been equalled by any member of the canine race, twenty championships—fifteen times she was awarded best dog or bitch in show of all breeds. Her prizes numbered several hundreds. Douglas favoured deerhounds, but perhaps he was most celebrated for his paintings of collies and setters. In his early days he was known as "Douglas of Collie." It is a collie who features in "A Highland Post Office," which is one of my favourite pictures by this artist. The collie lives, his eyes shining with a faithful devotion, and his attitude of watchful guard is painted with an absolute truth.

Queen Victoria wrote Douglas a letter in which she expressed her pleasure with his work and said, "that she found him equal to Landseer." There could hardly have been higher praise, because everyone knows the affection and appreciation she extended to that artist. He had rather the Landseer touch and certainly possessed his brother artist's understanding and love of animals.

Douglas left London to live in the heart of the Sussex Downs, where he surrounded himself with the animals that he loved—his horses, cattle, dogs, birds were all his friends, and these he painted, with an understanding which has left us for ever in his debt. His pictorial literature is concerned chiefly with animals, and they have the great advantage in that they are painted in their own surroundings.

This artist was fortunate in having a wife who shared his love of dogs and those creatures that live and feed upon the breast of the earth. She wrote: "Religious art is said to be the highest of all, but surely that art which teaches us to love and cherish the animals committed to our care is not much lower. When we are filled with admiration of their grace, their beauty, their intelligence, and, above all, their obedience and

love, do we not feel brought nearer to the Great Artist of all?"

I would say that this artist's pictures convey the beauty and dignity possessed by the creatures that are man's servants and friends.

George du Maurier continually sketched in *Punch* St. Bernards in attendance upon Victorian ladies.

Cecil Aldin's dog pictures are well-known, and there are, of course, many other artists. Some have painted with a love of the creature, others by virtue of necessity; in either case, we are the gainers.

ACTORS' DOGS.

ACTORS HAVE BEEN CHEERED and consoled in a difficult life by the companionship and faithfulness of a dog. I just remember—

Fussie was the devoted friend and constant companion of Sir Henry Irving. This little fox terrier had first belonged to Ellen Terry, but so devoted did she become to Sir Henry, Ellen decided to yield to Fussie's choice.

In *Time Was* Graham Robertson writes of this remarkable little dog: "It would be discourteous to take leave of the Lyceum without paying homage to its real master—Fussie. She was a fox terrier. All the intimacy that Irving withheld from mankind he lavished upon dogs; dogs—or perhaps latterly, a dog—were the link between him and humanity. If you liked dogs—more especially if dogs liked you—if you got on well with Fussie . . . Irving would suffer you almost gladly."

Graham Robertson had a poodle called Mouton who "had a cult for Irving and was very jealous of Fussie, behaving to him with frigid politeness, but always trying to divert Irving's attention to himself." On one occasion Irving was on the stage and absorbed in Fussie. When Mouton could bear it no longer, he rose slowly on to his hind legs, and "walked thus erect straight across the stage, looking over his shoulder at Irving and softly growling at Fussie, who had no parlour tricks and who watched the performance with amazement and contempt."

On Irving's American tour Fussie was accidentally left behind in New York when the company started for San Francisco. His master discovered the loss almost at once and the train was held up, when a small white object came into sight plodding steadily along the line. Fussie had started for California.

Again, I well remember *Genevieve Ward's* dog: she was rarely without him. This was a small black-and-tan dog named *Theckla von Thurenau*—"*Teck*" for short. An amusing tale is told of its presence in the Green Room at the Prince of Wales' Theatre one evening when the Duke of Teck and a party of friends came to express their appreciation to the actress.

Miss Ward's little dog, resenting the intrusion, seized hold of the leg of the ducal trousers and shook it furiously until told, "Basket, Teck—basket!" by her mistress. Amused glances were exchanged by the visitors as the dog obeyed, and Miss Ward said she suddenly realised that for a moment her visitors had imagined she was addressing the Duke with undue familiarity.

Later, it was said that the expression "Basket, Teck—basket!" became a favourite admonition to the Duke by his relations and familiar friends.

There are many dogs who have been "featured" in films. Dogs that have given as human a character as any of their two-legged companions. Perhaps the best known of these was *Rin-tin-tin*, the Alsatian. He was originally a German dog captured by an American officer in the War of 1914–18, and he was mourned as sincerely and universally as any human film star.

Another famous and beloved film star was *Strongheart*. He was also an Alsatian. His human friend, Allen Boone, wrote a very touching series of letters to this dog. The one written after his death is as follows:

"Towards noon a fog rolled in from the Pacific Ocean and began blotting out the landscape below me. First the coast resorts disappeared; then the nearer cities and towns and valleys; then the mountains, until all that remained of the universe was a nearby peak, part of the mountain meadow, and me.

"What an apt illustration of the phenomenon of death, I thought. Death is no more than fog which has rolled in and temporarily shut off one's view. But for inward assurance that it wasn't true, everything on earth was 'dead and gone' as far as my material senses were concerned. I had no way of proving otherwise from where I was looking out at things.

"I knew, though, that the fog was impermanent, and that on the other side of the mist life was going on just as vigorously as ever—whether my human senses subscribed to it or not. There is nothing to be afraid of in a fog, I told myself. One can always get through a fog with the right compass directions and careful navigation. Fog is not an obstruction. It is merely temporary obstruction from the observer's point of view. Or, better still, *in* his point of view. And that is just what death is being found out to be—temporary obscuration *in* the observer's point of view.

"I will admit that the fog of death seems to have rolled in between us and to have separated us from one another. But the important point is this: it cannot get into my thinking and affections, where you have lived ever since I met you. Nothing in there can ever harm you, or break the bond of love and understanding between us. And that, old pal, is why I know that all is well with you—and us.

"I'll be seein' you."

WAR DOGS

"Animo et fide"

HUNDREDS OF DOGS HAVE seen active service throughout the ages. They have proved their worth and value for defence and attack.

Among the wonders that are preserved within the walls of the British Museum is much to interest the dog-lover.

The Assyrians certainly used dogs in war, and on the reliefs from the Palace of Nineveh (650 B.C.) now in the British

Museum, are seen the war dogs of Assurbanipal, the mastiff type. These evidently fought gallantly beside their masters both in Assyria and Egypt.

The Romans also used dogs as guards and sentries and in active warfare. On the column of Marcus Aurelius in Rome, they are represented fighting beside the men, clad in mail with spiked collars. Sometimes these dogs wore a complete suit of armour consisting of body cover and headpiece.

One such suit I have seen at Madrid. A soft cloth was provided to prevent the dog's skin from chafing or rubbing into sores, on top of which was buckled the metal and chain of the armour itself. Sometimes curved knives projected from their collars, probably to cause havoc among the horses, against which they fought. How these dogs endured the armour is amazing, and to carry out work under such conditions even more remarkable.

Marius, a Roman consul, gives an interesting account of how, at the Battle of Versella, 101 B.C., against the Teutons, the Romans, having overcome the defending forces, found they then had to take into serious account "the hordes of dogs which were organised and furiously urged against them by the blonde-haired women of Wagenburg."

Plutarch and Pliny both write of war dogs for defence and attack. Plutarch says: "The enterprise of Aratus, which he undertooke for the freeing of his countrey, had like to have bin mar'd, by the watchfulness of a dog. By this it appeareth, what moved Socrates to sweare commonly by the dog, as Plato noteth; who thereby would point out an unmatchable faithfulnesse, such as is seene in those creatures."

Dogs were used by the King of the Spartans when besieging Mantenea. He surrounded the town with a cordon of dogs which it is said "none could penetrate owing to their vigilance."

Alexander of Alexandria wrote: "The faithfulnesse of a dog hath been the cause that many have chosen to trust their lives with that beast, and to commit themselves to the good of him rather than of reasonable men. As we read of King Massinissa, who by the barking of dogs freed himself many times from the ambuscadoes that were laid for him, discovered afar off the

coming of his enemies, stood upon his guard and, by the helpe, of dogs, sometimes carryed away the victorie. Plinie reporteth to this purpose, that the Colophonians tooke great care to traine their dogs and made them fit for warre, insomuch as they made squadrons of them, which fought in the first rankes with a wonderful boldnesse, and would never give back; above all, they did good service in the night. We read also that the King of the Garamentes, driven by sedition out of his realme, was reestablisht againe by the helpe of two hundred hunting dogs."

Alexander the Great had dogs, and Andronicus, King of Constantinople, "made himself be guarded, not only with companies of strange soldiers, but also with a very great dogge, who made no bones to fight with lions, and could turn a man all armed off his horse. The guard kept watch in the night a prettie way from his chamber, and at his chamber door this dogge was tied, who at the least noise that was, made a terrible barking."

The Molossians of Epirus were not only used in war, but were intensely loved by their masters, to whom they were devoted. It is said one of these dogs so greatly distinguished himself in the Battle of Marathon his effigy was placed on the same tablet as his master.

Our warrior dogs, the mastiffs of Britain, were renowned in middle Europe.

Strabo saith "that the English dogs went to warre with the Gaules: and there is mention of a Procurator or Commissarie that had charge of the dogs of Britanie, in the Emperour's behalfe. And at this day there be some of them found, which Camden calleth Agase-hounds, and named Agasaei by Oppian." Andrew Thenet, speaking of the King of Cephala, writeth, "That when he will give battell to his enemies, he commonly mingleth many troupes of dogs among the squadrons of his souldiers. We will hereafter make mention of a dog so courageous in the warre, that the Indians were more afraid of his teeth, than of any other Spanish weapons, and that the owner received extraordinary pay every moneth for the services that were done by that dog."

It would seem from all the existing friezes and descriptions that most war dogs were a type of mastiff. Certainly it was so

in Europe. There is a record that Henry VIII sent some hundreds of such dogs to Charles V of Spain. They were included in the army that fought against France, and Charles spoke of them continually as an example to the soldiers.

A letter which his Ambassadour sent from Spire to the King of Polonia, 1544, ran: "It may bee that Henry VIII, King of England, had an eye to this prompt fidelitie of dogs, when in the armie which he sent to the Emperour Charles the Fifth against the French King, there were foure hundred souldiers that had charge of the like number of dogs, all of them garnished with good yron collers after the fashion of that countrey: no man being able to say, whether they were appointed to be sentinels in the night, or to serve for some stratagem for obtaining the victorie."

Napoleon believed in dogs for defence. He suggested that they should be used for this purpose a short distance from the walls of Alexandria.

A dog whose name has come down to us from the Napoleonic wars is "Moustache." He warned the French of a surprise attack by the Austrians and disclosed the identity of an Austrian spy who, disguised, had entered the French camp. At the Battle of Austerlitz, his master, the standard-bearer, was killed; an Austrian soldier seized the flag. Moustache rushed at him and tore it from the man and bore it back to his company. This dog was personally decorated by Marshal Larmes.

General Washington's understanding and appreciation of dogs is shown by the fact that one night, when he was dining in his tent, a dog pushed in bearing the name of General Howe on his collar. Washington gave orders that the dog should be fed and returned to his owner under the flag of truce, for which he received a grateful letter.

Those were the days when we were courteous in warfare.

During 1914 to 1918 dogs served in the Belgian Army, pulling machine guns and the reserve ammunition, and they were used by France, Russia, Holland, Sweden, Italy, Bulgaria and Germany. The Albanians had their shaggy sheep dogs in the Balkans. Bulgaria used dogs for sentry work.

The *French* War Department sent to Alaska for 440 huskies

to be shipped for war service; within four days of landing they took 90 tons of ammunition to a French battalion that was snow-bound in the Vosges and cut off from supplies. In 1918 the French had 8,000 sledge dogs working in these mountains alone.

The *Italians* used the *St. Bernard* for war; they fitted them with pack saddles laden with food and ammunition and sent them in parties of thirty to forty; each carried 50 lb.

It is interesting that *German* trainers believe in Scotch collies and use them whenever possible. A report on the work of Scotch collies appeared in one of the Russian daily papers. It read:

"In finding the missing and wounded, with which the millet-fields are strewn, nothing has succeeded like our pack of dogs. The English ones are especially intelligent. In our last engagement twenty-three men were found in unsuspected places."

The *British* Army had only one dog in training in 1914, but Colonel Richardson at last convinced the War Office and a War Dog School was instituted at Shoeburyness. Here they were trained and hundreds saw active service during 1914–18; they acted as scouts, sentries, laid telephone wires and signals in dangerous zones. When they were attached to the Signalling Corps, they carried a reel of about 50 yds. of signalling wire on their back, paying it out as they went forward. They were trained to carry important messages under heavy shell fire, slipping swiftly and silently over ground packed with shell holes, which almost certainly would have meant death from a sniper's bullet or a broken limb to a soldier. The dog might lose his life, but a surprising percentage got through.

They also rendered valuable service in first aid, searching for the wounded and carrying supplies to a stranded soldier and directing search parties to any man the dog found to be helpless. They served on all fronts. In the high Alps on the Italian border 150 dogs carried in four days, after a heavy snowfall, 50 tons of supplies from the valley to the front line.

Alsatians, the sheep dog of *Prussia,* widely used in Germany as police dogs, were found not so useful to us as our own native breeds, retrievers, Airedales and collies.

It is too early yet to have a report of their work in the present

war, but Lieut.-Colonel Richardson had hundreds of reports as to their value in the last. In his book, *Watch Dogs*, he gives many accounts that came in from various units.

The war dog "Thonton," attached to the Zouave Guards, probably holds the record for long service, going through fourteen campaigns. His name was included in the roll-call of the regiment, and he would answer to it with a bark.

At the Siege of Kut, Spot, a wire-haired terrier, was taken prisoner with his master, General Townshend. It's remarkable that he survived in the hands of the Turks, but survive he did, and appeared in England at a parade of war dogs.

Dogs that were sent out to an infantry regiment in Egypt averted what might have been a serious disaster. The yeomanry were severely attacked. There was a dense mist. The dogs alone sensed the approach of the enemy. An order was given to fire into the mist, and the attack was checked.

In the attack on the Vimy Ridge in 1917, dogs were employed with an artillery observation post. All the telephones were broken, and visual signalling was impossible. The dogs were the first to bring through news.

Another report that testifies to their dog's capacity for notifying the approach of gas, is of a small cross-bred retriever spaniel, who earned his C.O.'s commendation because of this particular work. It seems that Jim first gave the warning of gas; thereupon he was immediately released with a message to Headquarters, arriving there a good three-quarters of an hour before any other intimation by wire. This little dog also carried despatches under heavy shell-fire. The report goes on to say: "His worth is beyond value, and his service beyond praise, and I feel honoured to take care of such a valuable animal. At the very first intimation of gas I have to put Jimmy's head in a man's P.H. smoke helmet, and I should be greatly pleased if you could inform me where to secure a mask for his proper protection, as, of course, a P.H. helmet is made solely for the requirements of a man, and does not adequately serve a dog."

In the advanced Ypres sector in 1918 there are many records of the work of the dogs. The report of a collie,

trained as a messenger, working in this sector was as follows:

"The first message to come through was brought by the dog Roman. He carried a request for reinforcements in men and ammunition, thereby saving a nasty situation. . . ." It can safely be said that this dog alone saved hundreds of lives.

Dogs delivered their messages, though severely wounded. There are several reports of them coming in on three legs, even when blinded, they will make their own way.

Twopence, a regimental dog, used to be sentenced to "pack drill" and had a knapsack made to strap on his back, which he carried for many hours. He went through an Indian campaign, suffering much from the heat of the plains, and when his regiment formed part of the army of the Punjab the dog still went with them. Upon the first advance to Ramnugghur, the old dog was too ill to tramp the distance. It is recorded the men were so devoted to the old fellow they each in turn carried him daily. When he died he was buried with all military honours.

Another report comes from the officer commanding No. 4 Company, Norfolk Regiment:

"Each time I found the presence of the dog to be of the greatest value. He either remained beside the sentry or went with a patrol. His value consists in the fact that he can, and does, detect the approach of human beings some considerable time before the eye or ear of the average man can distinguish anything. The result is that the sentry or patrol is fully on the alert, and it is impossible for them to be either ambushed or rushed.

"The dog is no expense, as he feeds on the remains of the men's dinner. He is never allowed to run loose in camp or barracks, and no one is allowed to feed him except the man in charge of him. I am of opinion that it would be a very valuable asset to have four of these dogs attached to every infantry battalion for service in the field."

The Japanese have erected a memorial near Tokio to their messenger dogs killed in Manchukuo, 1933.

When the Armistice was signed, there were 11,000 dogs at our battle front and many hundreds of their companions had given their lives as gallantly as any soldier. I often wonder what the dog thinks of it all—the reason of it all.

To-day the war dog guards airfields, war factories, military stations, keeping vigilant watch by night and day.

Lieut.-Colonel Baldwin is Commandant of the Guard Dog Training School. General Alexander gave him his support for this idea, and it has more than proved itself worth while.

The dogs are allotted their kit as for Service men, this being brush, lead and feeding dish; their ration, rusks, dog biscuits, raw meat. The period of his training is shorter than the other services, about five weeks, some even shorter. They soon learn complete obedience and understand definite commands. There is no question that they enjoy their work. They are as eager for it as gun dogs. No disguise deceives them, they are excellent by night as well as day. Their sagacity, valour and usefulness cannot be questioned. The records of the war dog prove that he is faithful and cheerful at all times, serving man's needs and ever ready with duty. He has helped man to endure and to conquer fearful odds.

Though the dog and horse have to a large extent been superseded by the machine, both animals are still employed in warfare and remain an integral part of the British Army. They have to pass as stiff a test as any soldier before enlistment.

Then two weeks only are necessary to train them for sentry work, five to seven weeks for patrol work and three months for detective work. Only the very best are used for liaison purposes. I am told that for communications dogs are invaluable, as they can get where man cannot, they are quicker over the ground and less susceptible to gas. Though we use radio to-day, this reveals the position to the enemy, whereas a messenger dog from a forward post to the support line will probably escape observation. Airedales, collies and lurchers were principally used in the last war, but to-day a greater variety of dogs are available, but it seems that any dog who carries his tail over his back is rarely of value. These Service dogs can recognise an enemy dog and will immediately fight him. A case is recorded by the French of a mongrel bull-terrier employed by them on sentry work, who attacked a German messenger dog who had lost his way and killed it. The despatches found on the dead dog were of great military value.

There are many dogs who have rendered war service though not actually fighting dogs, serving man by their faithfulness—sticking closer than a brother. There are ship's mascots, or, as I prefer to call them, ship's comrades. These dogs have often gone down with their ships; others have lived for days on a raft, enduring almost incredible hardship. Both British and German generals have kept a dog at their side, doubtless finding in their companionship cheer and inspiration even on the darkest day.

There are dogs who have found their way to their masters even though this has meant boarding a train or ship, sometimes from city or village home. I know two who have made incredible journeys until they found their master's unit in France. Surely these dogs also serve even as those who "watch and wait."

Bobby, an Alsatian, was the first messenger dog in the present war to sacrifice his life. He was attached to a Zouave Regiment and was killed by enemy fire carrying a message to the front line. After nightfall his body was recovered and he was buried with military honours.

Fritz, a wounded German war dog, was brought to Britain from France in a R.A.F. transport plane. He was given the same privileges as a wounded soldier. When in action, operating with a German patrol at Rouville, south-east of Cann, he was wounded and taken prisoner, receiving first aid from an advanced British Army unit. He was flown back to England with a British Parachute major as his escort and "interrogated" at a British War Dogs' School as to the kind of training he received and the tricks he learned. He may go back into action on the British side.

To-day in Normandy a team of mine-locating dogs can follow at the heels of the Royal Engineers and clear a 15-yard path at the rate of 400 yards an hour. They seldom fail. The men out there say they are "more than human." They treat their wounds lightly, and patiently accept their dressing.

TWO GHOST DOGS

The Black Dog of Newgate

THERE ARE MANY WHO will tell of visitations by ghostly dogs. *The black dog of Newgate*, represented "with curling snakes for hair, eyes like torches, breath that was poison and smoke coming from his nostrils," haunted the prisoners of Newgate Prison. This was supposed to be a just punishment for the hideous practice reported of their cannibalism. If this be true, the only excuse that can be offered for the men is the starvation they suffered. There was certainly punishment in the terror that was induced among them by the apparition of the black dog.

The Mauthe Dog

To me, one of the strangest and apparently most authentic is the black spaniel who haunted the guard-room of Peel Castle, in the Isle of Man. I remember my father, who went to college in the Isle of Man, telling me of this dog and saying that many of the men with him at college in the island firmly believed in this ghost. There were several stories to explain his presence, but none of them very satisfactory. Yet, though the reason for the coming of the ghostly dog is unknown, it appears certain that he did come, and that soldiers in the guard-room saw him constantly and forebore swearing until his departure. None ever spoke to the ghost save one, and then with disaster to himself.

Waldron, in his description of the Isle of Man, writes:

"They say, that an apparition, called in their language the Mauthe Doog, in the shape of a large black spaniel with curled shaggy hair, was used to haunt Peel Castle, and has been frequently seen in every room, but particularly in the guard-chamber, where, as soon as candles were lighted, it came to lay down before the fire, in presence of all the soldiers, who, at length, by being so much accustomed to the sight of it, lost great part of the terror they were seized with at its first appearance. They still, however, retained a certain awe, as believing it was an evil spirit which only waited permission to do them hurt, and for that reason forbear swearing and all profane dis-

course while in its company. But though they endured the shock of such a guest when altogether in a body, none cared to be left alone with it. It being the custom, therefore, for one of the soldiers to lock the gates of the castle at a certain hour, and carry them (the keys) to the captain, to whose apartment, as I said before, the way led through a church, they agreed among themselves, that whoever was to succeed the ensuing night, his fellow in this errand should accompany him that went first and by this means, no man would be exposed singly to the danger; for I forgot to mention that the Mauthe Doog was always seen to come from that passage at the close of day, and return to it again as soon as the morning dawned, which made them look on this place as its peculiar residence. One night a fellow being drunk, and by the strength of his liquor rendered more daring than ordinary, laughed at the simplicity of his companions, and though it was not his turn to go with the keys, would needs take that office upon him, to testify his courage. All the soldiers endeavoured to dissuade him, but the more they said, the more resolute he seemed, and swore that he desired nothing more than that Mauthe Doog would follow him, as it had done the others, for he would try if it were dog or devil. After having talked in a very reprobate manner for some time, he snatched up the keys and went out of the guard-room; in some time after his departure a great noise was heard, but nobody had the boldness to see what occasioned it, till the adventurer returning, they demanded the knowledge of him; but as loud and noisy as he had been at leaving them, he was now become sober and silent enough, for he was never heard to speak more; and though all the time he lived, which was three days, he was entreated by all who came near him either to speak, or, if he could not do that, to make some signs, by which they might understand what had happened to him, yet nothing intelligible could be got from him, only that, by the distortion of his limbs and features, it might be guessed that he died in agonies more than is common in a natural death. The Mauthe Doog was, however, never seen after in the castle, nor would any one attempt to go through the passage, for which reason it was closed up, and another way made. This accident happened

about three score years since, and I heard it attested by several, but especially by an old soldier, who assured me he had seen it oftener than he had then hairs on his head."

Sir Walter Scott writes in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*:

> "*For he was speechless, ghostly, wan*
> *Like him of whom the story ran,*
> *Who spoke the spectre hound in man.*"

And in his novel, *Peveril of the Peak*, he also writes of this phantom dog, which struck terror to all who beheld it and for whose appearance, as far as I know, there has never been any explanation. The appearance of most ghosts can be explained—they date from a certain happening, or they come to bewail their own misdoings, but those mysterious and unexplained are perhaps the most arresting and linger in the imagination. Among these is certainly the Mauthe Doog.

MONUMENTS TO DOGS

THERE ARE, OF COURSE, many dogs on monuments. These may have been favourite companions, or have been carved thereon to typify the courage and valour of their masters. We find them carved on monuments as far back as 4000 B.C.

"When excavations brought to light the carving of dogs on ancient Assyrian temples, they looked like a cross between the St. Bernard and a mastiff."

The image of the dog is often found in Egyptian temples. On the tablet of King Antefaa II (3800 B.C.), he is accompanied by four dogs, each dog has a collar round his neck. The first dog is called Bahakaa and is very like a foxhound. This same type of dog is depicted with Thothmes III, Rameses II, and Rekmasa at Thebes. Bahakaa was probably the most celebrated of the King's dogs. The second has the name Abakaru; it has a pointed nose, upright ears and curled tail. This is the oldest kind of dog seen on the monuments and appears on many

tombs. It is not unlike the old Talbot hound. The third dog is a kind of mastiff, the fourth is more like a Dalmatian.

A picture on part of the furniture of Tutankhamen's tomb shows two dogs of mastiff type; they are wearing collars of armour.

The dogs of the Pharoahs, sixty centuries ago, each had a name of his own. It is interesting to gather the importance of the dog from this fact.

Recent archæological discoveries have brought to light a cemetery to the west of the Pyramid of Cheops at Giza. In one of the Royal Tombs in this cemetery is a stone slab on which is engraved:

"The dog which was the guard of his Majesty. Abuwtiyuw is his name. His Majesty ordered that he be buried ceremonially, that he be given a coffin from the royal treasury, fine linen in great quantity, and incense. His Majesty gave perfumed ointment, and ordered that a tomb be built for him by gangs of masons. His Majesty did this in order that the dog might be honoured before the great god Anubis." The date of the inscription is placed about 3000 B.C.

While the dog was honoured with a special name, there were many tribes at this period where no woman rose to the importance of possessing a name, but was referred to by some characteristic of her person, such as "the old one," "the wicked one," etc.

In Plutarch's *Cato* is the following passage: "Many have shown particular marks of regard in burying the dogs which they have cherished and been fond of, and among the rest Xanthippus of old, whose dog swam by the side of his galley to Salamis, when the Athenians were forced to abandon their city, was afterwards buried by his master upon a promontory which to this day is called the 'Dog's Grave.' "

Fontainebleau is a memorial to a dog. When this was a royal forest, a man who was accompanied by his dog Bleau tripped over the roots of a tree and lay injured. Bleau, with the instinct that is the dog's special gift, knew that his master required water. It is said that he pawed the earth in several places and at last settled upon a spot, where he began scratch-

ing vigorously; he had discovered water. Out of gratitude to Bleau, his master bought the forest, built a fountain at the spring and christened it Fontainebleau.

In our own ancient monuments, the dog is placed at the feet of women to symbolise affection and fidelity, as a lion is placed at the feet of men to signify courage and magnanimity. Many of the Crusaders are represented with their feet on a dog, to show that they followed the standard of the Lord as faithfully as a dog follows the footsteps of his master.

There have been many memorials to dogs—belated expressions of man's gratitude; some are in the hearts of cities. Most people know the story of the dog of Genoa and his monument on the Mole. This dog had been the faithful friend of a Genoese merchant, and he always accompanied him on his voyages, but on one occasion the merchant sailed without him. The dog was cared for by friends, but every day he went to the particular spot that he had last seen his master. He did this for ten years, but at last a vessel appeared on the horizon. The dog barked and grew tense with expectancy; as it drew near, his excitement increased. The joy was too much for the old dog, and, as his master landed and the two met, he fell dead.

In Edinburgh, there is a bronze fountain erected by the Baroness Burdett Coutts in memory of *Greyfriars Bobby*, a little Highland terrier, who returned to his master's grave, played and slept there for thirteen years.

Bobby's constancy is recorded by Professor Blackie in a Latin epitaph which reads as follows:

"Followed the remains of his beloved Master to this Churchyard in the year 1858, and became a constant visitor to the grave, refusing to be separated from the spot until he died in the year 1872."

A third of the full space of a dog's lifetime!

Extract from the *Animal World*, 1870: "Bobby was a small rough Scotch terrier. He was the faithful companion of a poor man called Gray, who died and was buried in the old Greyfriar's churchyard, Edinburgh. The dog was found on the grave the next morning; he was turned out. The second morning the same; the third morning, though it was cold and wet, he was

still there shivering. The old curator then fed him; after this he was fed by various people. The Lord Provost of Edinburgh exempted him from tax and, to mark his admiration for fidelity, presented him with a collar on which was the inscription 'Greyfriars Bobby. Presented to him by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, 1867.' Gray had no stone, but few can boast such a mourner through long years and bitter winters. One who nothing would tempt from his trust, the sentinel who died at his post."

"*I hear they say 'tis very lang*
That years hae come and gane,
Sin' first they put my maister here,
An' grat an' left him lane.
I could na, an' I did na gang,
For a' they vexed me sair,
An' said sae bauld that they nor I
Should ever see him mair."

The Brown Dog of Battersea. The bronze figure which stood as memorial to the brown dog probably created more stir than any erected either to dog or man. He died forty-two years ago. He was only a small dog of the non-descript terrier type, yet his death set all Britain agog. It took the services of twenty-seven police officers, fifty-five sergeants and 1,083 constables to guard a memorial erected to him in a Battersea recreation ground. A libel action, petitions and cross-petitions, meetings which became free fights, and questions in Parliament all raged over his dead body. The Press became sharply divided and whole columns were devoted to news and views about him. The song and ballad writers were inspired by his story. He raised a fire of protest which lasted seven years. Pitched battles between men of Battersea and medical students happened daily. The memorial had to be guarded day and night by six policemen and a special patrol box was erected at the gates of the gardens. Four hundred mounted and foot police had to be rushed to the spot one night to avert a serious riot.

At one meeting 400 Battersea men volunteered to act as stewards, and engaged in fierce combat a party of medical students who scaled the roof. The Brown Dog agitation took complete hold of the public mind; all England became caught up in the cross-currents of the controversy.

In January, 1908, the Chief Commissioner of Police called upon Battersea Borough Council to pay £700 a year for the cost of extra police services in protecting the memorial to the Brown Dog, who had suffered and died in the laboratory.

The little bronze figure has now been destroyed, but there are many in Battersea who will remember.

Other memorials we find in places far from the tread of dog's friend. Those who have walked in North Wales will remember one such erected to commemorate dog's faithfulness even unto death.

Beth Gêlert, the deerhound who was slain by the master he loved, the Welsh Prince Llewellyn—overhasty in judgment and vengeance, ever after to suffer remorse. The poet W. R. Spencer commemorates Gêlert in the poem which most people read but few read unmoved.

"*Beth Gêlert*

"*The spearmen heard the bugle sound*
And cheerly smil'd the morn;
And many a brach and many a hound,
Obey'd Llewelyn's horn.

"*And still be blew a louder blast,*
And gave a lustier cheer;
'Come, Gêlert, come, wert never last
Llewelyn's horn to hear'—

"*Oh where does faithful Gêlert roam,*
The flower of all his race
So true, so brave, a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase?

"That day Llewelyn little lov'd
The chase of hart and hare
And scant and small the booty prov'd,
For Gêlert was not there.

"Unpleas'd Llewelyn homeward hied;
When near the portal seat,
His truant Gêlert he espied
Bounding his lord to greet.

"But when he gain'd his castle door
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound all o'er was smear'd with gore,
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

"Llewelyn gaz'd with fierce surprise;
Unus'd such looks to meet,
The favourite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd and licked his feet.

"Onward, in haste, Llewelyn pass'd
And on went Gêlert too;
And still, where 'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

"O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With bloodstain'd covert rent;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

"He call'd his child, no voice replied.
He search'd with terror wild;
Blood, blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

" 'Hellhound! My child's by thee devour'd,'
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plung'd in Gêlert's side.

"*His suppliant looks as prone he fell*
No pity could impart;
But still his Gêlert's dying yell
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

"*Arous'd by Gêlert's dying yell*
Some slumberer waken'd night;—
What words the parent's joy could tell
To hear his infant's cry!

"*Conceal'd beneath a tumbled heap*
His hurried search had miss'd
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kissed.

"*Nor scath had he, nor harm, nor dread;*
But the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

"*Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain!*
For now the truth was clear;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewelyn's heir.

"*Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe;*
'Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic blow which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue.'

"*And now a gallant tomb they raise,*
With costly sculpture deck'd
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

"*There never could the spearman pass,*
Or forester, unmov'd
There, oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewelyn's sorrow prov'd.

"And there he hung his horn and spear,
And there, as evening fell
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gêlert's dying yell.

"And, till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of 'Gelert's grave.' "

George Borrow has a different version to the one given by Spencer in his poem. He suggests it to be more likely that Llewellyn, who was fighting the English and was hard pressed, had escaped and was encamped with his followers in a well-sheltered valley, having taken his baby son with him. A sudden expedition became necessary, and he left the child in the most faithful guardianship he knew—Gêlert's. When he returned he was astonished that Gêlert did not meet him as usual; instead, he saw the dog lying covered with blood and the tent torn up. His suspicions were excited, and, seeing no child, his mind leapt to an over-hasty conclusion. Ever too ready with his spear, he thrust it through the heart of the already-stricken dog. Too late he found the baby safe in the folds of the tent, and the mangled body of a wolf which had been fought and slain by his hound. Whichever version is accepted, the dog's faithful guarding of the child is the same; his tragic death, his master's remorse, and the fact that he mourned Gêlert as a brother and buried him in the valley which to this day is called Beddgelert.

Another stone which remains firmly in my mind is on Helvellyn. It commemorates an amazing faithfulness. Those who know the Fell country will almost certainly have seen the stone erected to the memory of Charles Gough, who, in 1805 was killed by falling from the high crags on the ridge that joins Striding Edge to the summit, and of his faithful dog. Many men have lost their lives climbing, but few have had so faithful a companion as this dog, who for three months watched over her master's remains.

Gough was returning to Wythburn from Patterdale. The accident was probably caused by a false step during a blinding hailstorm or a dense fog. He disappeared on April 18th, and on July 20th his bones were found still watched over by his little yellow rough-haired terrier. She was alive, but starving, and had given birth to puppies, which were found dead by her side. It is believed that somehow or other, she had maintained life by bits of carrion sheep which are not unfrequently found on the hills.

Wordsworth commemorated the faithfulness of the dog in his poem, "Fidelity":

"*A barking sound the shepherd hears,*
A cry as of a dog or fox;
He halts and searches with his eyes
Among the scattered rocks:
And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern;
And instantly a dog is seen
Glancing from that covert green.

"*The dog is not of mountain breed;*
Its motions, too, are wild and shy;
With something, as the shepherd thinks,
Unusual in its cry;
Nor is there anyone in sight
All round, in hollow or on height;
Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear;—
What is the creature doing here?

.

"*Not free from boding thoughts, a while*
The shepherd stood; then makes his way
Towards the dog, o'er rocks and stones,
As quickly as he may;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground;
The appalled discoverer with a sigh
Looks round, to learn the history.

"*From those abrupt and perilous rocks*
The man had fallen, that place of fear!
At length upon the shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear;
He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was, and whence he came;
Remembered, too, the very day
On which the traveller passed this way.

"*But hear a wonder, for whose sake*
This lamentable tale I tell!
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.
The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,
This dog had been through three months' space
A dweller in that savage place.

"*Yes, proof was plain that since the day*
On which the traveller thus had died
The dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his master's side:
How nourished here through such long time
He knows who gave that love sublime,
And gave the strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate."

Walter Scott also writes on this remarkable and touching example of faithfulness in his poem, "Helvellyn."

There are many dogs whose names are graved on headstones far from our own shores. One of these is *Carlos*, a retriever who followed his master, Sir W. Knott, through the Afghan Campaign, and who lies in Guzerat.

"*Rest here in peace, my Carlos, where flickering branches wave,*
And dews their daily tribute shed 'pon thy grassy grave.
For may thy master wander, and many a region view,
Or e'er he find a friend than thee more gentle and more true.

"Fond memory shall recall thee; affection shall retrace
Thy sparkling eye, thy winning way, thy form of matchless grace,
Thy beauteous limbs, thy bounding step, that flew o'er hill and lea:
Where, where shall I behold again another dog like thee?

"Thou wert no home-bred idler, in pampered luxury nursed;
Thy course was noble as thy form, and marked thee with the first
Full many a travelled sage would joy to be where thou hast been,
And many a warrior's heart would leap to see what thou hast seen.

"Not all thy course was playful: nine times in stricken field
War's thunders hast thou heard, and seen the Moslem Crescent yield;
In Kandahar and Ghuznee seen, on Cabul's turrets high
The waving flag of Britain's hosts that told of victory!

"Then rest thee here, my Carlos. Heaven grant thy master prove
No less than thee in gratitude, fidelity, and love!
When thy example I recall, superior though I be,
The man may by the brute be taught, and I may learn from thee."

One of the many dogs who have been given a sailor's burial was *Peggy*, the bulldog mascot of the *Iron Duke*. She was part of the ship's company during the Battle of Jutland, and remained with the ship until the end of the War, receiving the Carmel General Service Medal and Victory Ribbon. She was reported courageous under fire and her imperturbable optimism was constructively contagious.

There are other dogs who by their faithfulness have lived in memory though belonging to the humble. One of them is *Rabe*. He was the valiant and faithful companion of the old Scotch carrier, James Graeme. This dog has been immortalised by Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh, who wrote of him and his beloved master and mistress so graphically.

He lived about 100 years ago, and we are told that he was a huge mastiff; brindled and as big as a little Highland bull, a sort of compressed Hercules of a dog, 90 lb. in weight, with Shakespearian dew-laps. His head was scarred with records of

old wounds, one eye out, one ear cropped, the other a tattered rag for ever unfurling itself like an old flag, a bud of a tail an inch long. We are told he had the dignity and simplicity that often accompanies great size and power. He had fought his way to absolute supremacy among all the dogs he met—as mighty a conqueror in his own line as Julius Cæsar. Though so indomitable as a foe, he was as gentle as a lamb with children, and faithful to the last to his beloved master and mistress. He was accorded the unique privilege of being allowed to follow and remain with his mistress in hospital, until an enemy he could not fight off took her away. After his master had died of a broken heart, he insisted on guarding all their belongings and refusing food. He was so fierce that in the end the carrier who followed James was impelled very reluctantly to kill him.

Jock of the Bushveld is the only dog as far as I know that has had the honour of having a road named after him, and a very interesting road it is. Winding its way for miles through the great game reserve in the North-eastern Transvaal, it commemorates for all the exploits of Jock, the faithful companion of Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, who, as a young man, worked as a transport driver conveying mails and stores from Delagoa Bay to the Lydenburg Goldfields. His route lay through the low veldt, traversing what is now much of the famous Kruger National Park, where vast herds of wild animals then roamed unprotected.

In his fascinating book, *Jock of the Bushveld*, Sir Percy tells of the birth of Jock beside the wagon-track, the smallest, weakest and ugliest of a litter of bull terriers, And of how, on account of his appearance, his life hung in the balance until, impressed by his air of independence and unquenchable belief in his own superiority over his sturdy, handsome brothers and sisters, Sir Percy took for his own the pup his colleagues named "The Rat." He was destined to grow up a "mighty hunter before his lord," leaving a name that was to become a household word throughout South Africa.

Jock was essentially a man's dog, and a one-man dog. Where his master went he went also, actively sharing the thrill of the hunt for their day's meat, even after a kick from a koodoo buck

had burst his ear-drums, leaving him stone deaf and dependent upon his sight to lip-read Sir Percy's commands.

Apart from his hunting prowess, the story of Jock illustrates the humanising effect of unquestioning trust and devotion dogs could exercise upon man in those rough communities that laid the foundations of our Empire.

All those who live in company with dogs soon realise that each one has a different character; there are qualities common to all. Where there is character there must be diversity of likes and dislikes. One may appeal to me, another to my neighbour. All ask little of life save the continual presence of their master. Where he goes they would follow, but though they bring perfect companionship they also bring responsibility, sacrifice, sorrow; and he who is not prepared to give these should not take as companion or servant a dog.

"*I raise my glass to all good dogs,*
To no particular breed, no special strain
Of certified prize-winners, just to plain
Unpedigreed good Dogs. . . .
I drink to wagging tails and honest eyes,
To courage, and unguessed at loyalties
Whose value never will be sung."